THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JANUARY, 1808.

CONTAINING

Ambrosio, a Stallion in the Stud of T. Haworth, Esq. ....*Page* 159
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 159
Lieut. Fairman, his Match against Time 162
Lieut. Halifax, his laborious undertaking 163
The Philosophical Sportsman, No. IV. 165
On the Art of Screaming 168
Oriental Field Sports..............171
Decision on the Right of Shooting and Hunting over Commons and Waste Lands.................178
The Humours of Whist, a Dramatic Satire 182
The Wanderer, or, the Rights of Hospitality 185
Earl Grosvenor's Stud 186
The Ptarmigan, or White Grouse.....192
An Essay on the Use and Abuse of Horses 192
Exercises for Wagers 194
Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1807 196
Feast of Wit.......................199
Modern Dramas 199
Women.............................200
The Power of Music................200
Anecdote 201
A Moving Piece 201
Hodge and the Doctor ......*Page* 202
Farming and Fox-hunting 203
The Earl of Elgin and Mr. Fergusson, Trial for Crim. Con. 204
To Destroy Weasels 204
Sporting Intelligence............205
Bettings for the Derby and Oatland Stakes 205
Boxing 207
Sparring 208
Pigeon Shooting 209
Hoop against Wheel 210
Match against Time 210

POETRY.

The Bonny Grey Mare, or Marcia Triumphant 211
The Stag Hunt 212
Ode to a Terrier, who interrupted the Debate in the House of Commons.......................212
Epigram 212

Racing Calendar 37
Matches and Sweepstakes to be run for in 1808, at Malton Craven Meeting 38
Catterick-Bridge Meeting 39
York Spring Meeting 40
York August Meeting 41
Doncaster Meeting 44

Embellished with—I, Ambrosio, a beautiful Engraving by Scott, from a capital Painting by Stubbs.—II, The Ptarmigan, or White Grouse, an Engraving.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have various Articles on the dreadful consequences of Canine Madness—some Essays on the Hydrophobia—Remedies for the Disease, &c. &c.—all of which shall be collected, and inserted in our next Number.

Paintings of the celebrated Greyhound ROCKET, and of the Racers, ELEANOR and BROTHER TO VIVALDI, are received from Mr. Clifton Tomson: they shall be put into the Engraver's hands, and given in due course.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Stubbs Pinx.t Scott Sc.t

AMBROSIO.

Pub.d by J. Wheble, Jan. 21, 1808.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

AMBROSIO.

A beautiful Engraving by Scott, from a capital Painting by Stubbs, to face this Page.

AMBROSIO is a stallion in the stud of Thomas Haworth, Esq. at Barham Lodge, near Edgware, Middlesex.—*His pedigree and performances will be given in our next Number.*

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

IN accordance with our promise, we shall proceed to touch sincerely, but decorously, upon the social tendency of those prominent events which have occurred in the course of the preceding month, and what bearing they may have, in our opinion, upon the obligations of moral honour.

LIEUTENANT TETLEY *v.* CAPT. SHORT—*(see p. 104, last month)*—for oppressive and unofficerlike behaviour, during the latter gentleman's command of his Majesty's ship Porpoise, and for a misapplication of the ship's stores.—After a due examination of the several witnesses before a Court Martial, which was held at Portsmouth, on Tuesday, the 15th of December, the defendant was acquitted.

The spirit which governs a court of honour, we must naturally presume to be that of a delicate order of justice, which combines, at the same instant, the official dignity of the commander, and the well-being of the subordinate members under his control. Perhaps there is no situation where these important points of consideration should be more maturely weighed, than in cases relative to the internal management of our men of war; and there certainly never was a crisis which demanded the rigorous and impartial execution of justice, in all marine points of duty, so imperiously as the present.—It is one thing to give an acquittal, that may exonerate the accused party from all pains and penalties, merely personal; and it is another thing to give such an issue to the judicial proceeding, as may be generally acceptable to the observing world.

Two masters of merchant vessels have been recently tried, for *imputed* murders committed upon the high seas, and both have been acquitted: there can be no doubt but that the great and responsible characters before whom they were tried had solid reasons for their conduct on those solemn occasions: yet, unhappily, they were verdicts of a description which have caused some agitation in the public mind.

We

We do not make any particular application of this reasoning, but merely throw out these cursory observations to effect a general good; and to open the eyes of all parties to a very mature consideration of the possible, if not probable result, of any presumed departure from the equally comprehensive spirit of British jurisprudence.

In Bombay, Lieutenant Walter Borlase Mosely was indicted for shooting at Captain Martin, wilfully and maliciously, whereby he was deprived of his sight: the trial took place on the 2d of May, 1807. This trial occurred before Sir James Mackintosh, who, in his charge to the Jury, drew a proper and delicate distinction between resentment and revenge—*(see p. 115, last No.)* —The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy. He has since been sentenced to be transported for life to New South Wales.

It cannot be expected that, at this distance from the scene of action, we should be enabled to enter completely into all the bearings of the case; but, agreeably to the impressions that we have received, we deem the verdict proper, and hope that the publication of this case will deter all inconsiderate young men from indulging in those habits of folly, which involve a danger to others as well as to themselves; such as levelling pistols, guns, &c. by which many persons are seriously aggrieved, and some have even lost life itself. It will prove but a miserable apology for the perpetrator to aver that he was intoxicated, or did it without design; and leave it to the address of some able Barrister, to draw a subtle sort of demarcation between those perilous niceties of action which may constitute manslaughter or murder.

American Duelling.—In our last Number, we inserted the account of an extraordinary duel, which happened at Norfolk, in Virginia, on the 23d of last September, between Captain Gordon, of the Chesapeake, and Dr. Starke, in which Lieutenant Crane, second to the former, shot Dr. S. through the arm, for an alledged violation of the prescribed laws of that duel.

On the subject of duelling, much has been advanced in favour of, and in opposition to, the practice. The moralist urges truly, that its indulgence is a direct infraction of one of the divine behests in holy writ, which commands us to forgive our enemies. But, alas! the bad passions are too governing in the human breast to admit of a due obedience to this beautiful principle in religion. Yet duels, like national warfare, lose much of their deplorable character, when softened down by the exercise of a liberal humanity, in extreme cases, to each other: but this Trans-Atlantic contest certainly does not partake of that mild complexion; and we have heard of nothing, in modern times, so personally barbarous in its features. When the Duke of Hamilton fought Lord Mohun, both parties fell; but the obligations of a polite honour were not openly infringed by their seconds, and, in the fall of the principals, the affair terminated, which is not likely to be the issue in this novel combat, as all the parties will be probably re-engaged in conflict, when Dr. Starke recovers from his wound.

We must now remark, that there are more duels fought in the space of one year in the United

States

States of America, than in all Europe; and those duels are very generally of a decided and sanguinary nature. They have not yet acquired the harmless practice of fighting merely for notoriety, as is so frequently done at our watering places, where the *bloodless* drama is thus arranged :—A. is to give a personal affront to B. who immediately sends a challenge by C. which is accepted, and the ideal aggressor goes to the field, accompanied by D. The ground is measured, and the heroes fire, yet, luckily, none of the party are in danger except the seconds, who, to avoid mischief, generally take their station in the rear of the principals. After this, an explanation takes place, in which a few *ifs* and *buts* qualify the difference. The seconds sign the report, the affair is made as public as possible, and the unscratched duellists are chronicled as men of honour and spirit ever after!

We do not think any of the recent *harmless* duels which have taken place near the metropolis deserve to be recorded, any more than the particulars of duels *prevented*, which would most likely have terminated in quite as *harmless* a way as those which actually did take place.

Mr. Plowden has published a three-and-sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "*The King* v. *Graham*.— Mr. F. Plowden's Refutation of the Charge of having improvidently and maliciously advised the Prosecution. It contains not only the principal part of that extraordinary trial, taken in short-hand by Mr. Gurney, jun. but a very curious correspondence, and the detail of an estate at nurse, highly interesting to professional and other persons possessing estates, or charged with trusts.—'It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he which is the accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crimes laid against him.—*Acts*, xxv. 16.'"

Having noticed Mr. Graham's trial, &c. in page 135, last month, we may be inclined to *dip* into the above pamphlet, to ascertain whether it contains any thing worth laying before our readers in the next publication.

Something a little contradictory appears in the two following paragraphs, and which it is not in our power at present to reconcile; they are given as found in the public prints:—

"*Court-Martial.*— Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of the South Lincoln Militia, tried at Hythe, on charges of peculation, presented against him by the Surgeon of the regiment, has been honourably acquitted, and the charges declared groundless, frivolous, malicious, and vexatious."

Thus much said on one side, let us see what follows as a drawback upon this decision :—

"We understand, that the conclusion of his Majesty's decision, on the opinion of the Court Martial lately held at Hythe, on Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of the Lincoln Militia, on charges preferred against him by the Surgeon of the regiment, was as follows :— 'That yet, upon a full view of the whole evidence, there did appear to his Majesty to be matter that required explanation, and fit to be the subject of investigation before a Court-Martial.'"

We now come to a painful task. In

In our last Magazine, is an account of the proceedings of a Court-Martial held at Chelsea College, for the trial of Sir Charles Hotham, Colonel of the Beverley Buffs, or East York Regiment of Militia.—The *just*, yet *humane* decision, which we here record, bespeaks the uniform conduct of a JUST, HUMANE, and a gracious Monarch, alike FIRM and DISCRIMINATE in the dispensation of those laws which come under his own immediate personal cognisance.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse-Guards, Jan. 19, 1808.

Sir Charles Hotham, Bart. Colonel of the East York Regiment of Militia, has been tried by a General Court Martial, on the charge of [illegible]ng "*drunk on duty*." The Court [illegible] found Sir Charles Hotham [illegible]*ty* of the crime alledged against him, and has sentenced him to be *cashiered*, which sentence his Majesty has been pleased to confirm, and has commanded it to be thus publicly communicated to the Army, in order that Officers and Soldiers of all descriptions may be made sensible, that no considerations of rank, or station of life, nor even of past services, will induce his Majesty to pardon an offence of this nature, so injurious to the discipline of the army.

His Majesty has, at the same time, been most graciously pleased to declare his regret, on feeling the necessity of dismissing from his service an Officer, to whose good character so many General Officers have borne testimony; but, under all circumstances of the case, his Majesty has it not in his power to pay attention to the recommendation of the Court, and is reluctantly obliged to confirm the sentence to its extent.

By the Commander-in-Chief's command,
HARRY CALVERT, Adj. Gen.

LIEUTENANT FAIRMAN, HIS MATCH AGAINST TIME.

LIEUTENANT Fairman performed his long-expected match to Harrow and back, being upwards of twenty miles, in three hours, on the very worst road all round London, on Tuesday, the 12th instant.

This engagement had excited unusual interest in the sporting circles, as well from the acknowledged arduousness of the undertaking as from his having previously paid forfeit, repeatedly postponed the attempt, and at length, as it was supposed, totally declined it.—All the amateurs in town were present; by whom it was allowed, from the badness of the road and other unfavourable circumstances, to be as *bottomed* and as *game* a display as they ever witnessed.

He started from Cumberland Gate precisely at eleven minutes past ten, where he arrived on his return, having touched the Church at seven minutes after one, being four minutes under his time.

Some equestrian friends, headed by Gregson and a party of pugilists, attended him throughout: they took infinite pains to keep the ground, and clear a passage for him.

On his way back, he drank a glass of Madeira at a gentleman's house, the foot of Harrow Hill, which was in readiness as he passed. After this he resumed his journey, and performed the remainder of his distance without further stoppage.

Notwithstanding the day of starting was purposely concealed, and had not publicly transpired, the multitude assembled was great beyond precedent. From the end of Oxford-street to Paddington, the road was thronged with spectators

on

on both sides, many of whom were mounted in carts, and on the roofs of coaches. In passing through these lines, he was cheered and caressed in the most flattering manner; the ladies waived their handkerchiefs, the men huzzaed: with great gallantry and politeness, he acknowledged the kind salutations of the former, by repeatedly bowing to them as he went along. Towards the end of his journey, he was much oppressed by the people's closing in upon him.

On his arrival at the place where he started, he proclaimed boldly and aloud, "that he would run any man in England, on the same terms that Barclay did Wood."

The day in itself was fortunate in the extreme, but the roads were heavy beyond conception, as was fully evinced by his splashed and dirty condition on coming in.

He was dressed in a white flannel jacket and pantaloons, with a white handkerchief about his head. Round his neck was tied a blue silk one, and about his waist was girt another. His average rate of going was, a mile in eight minutes and a half.

His style of running is so peculiar as to be entitled to description. His arms are compressed, and pinioned close to his sides, and their weight is supported by a loop pendous from each shoulder, into which he places his thumbs. By thus contracting himself into the smallest compass, his progress is the less impeded, and the fatigue much diminished.

It is with sincere concern we have to state, owing to some mistake between Lieutenant Fairman and his friends, who were to have taken bets for him, that his labours have not been attended with their merited reward. Indeed, it was a *high sense of honour, and a true sporting spirit,* that alone urged him to the performance. To the united efforts of him and Captain Barclay, the country is indebted for the revival of this useful and noble exercise. Desirous of re-establishing that confidence which was lately impaired at Newmarket, and of preventing feats of personal strength and activity, by repeated disappointments, from falling into disrepute, we know, from the most unquestionable authority, that he underwent this manly, but extraordinary exertion, without deriving from it the advantage of a guinea.

Lieutenant Fairman now, we think, has established at least an equal claim to the laurel of England; but he has grounded his ultimate pretensions to the prize on the issue of the following bold and public challenge. He offers to run any gentleman of his own stature, 100 miles for 1000 guineas;—to start against any man in the kingdom, on receiving 20 miles in 24 hours;—or to perform a greater distance without taking refreshment, than any man in the world!

LIEUTENANT HALIFAX,
HIS LABORIOUS UNDERTAKING.

Extract of a Letter from Exeter, dated Jan. 21, 1808.

THIS day Lieutenant Halifax, of the Royal Lancashire Militia, who had engaged to walk thirty miles per day for twenty successive days, completed his laborious undertaking, and he was ushered into this city in triumph, preceded by the regimental band of music, and accompanied by an immense concourse of people, both on horse-

back

back and on foot, who celebrated his victory by continually-repeated huzzas. The number of persons of all ranks, both of this city and the neighbourhood, who lined the Topsham road, the hedges, and the streets through which he passed, can scarcely be credited; they must have amounted to scarcely less than twenty thousand. On his return to the hotel, he came forward, and, in a neat speech, returned his thanks to the inhabitants for their kindness, and the interest they had taken in his favour; and as some injurious, though absurd, reports had been circulated, that his brother officers had endeavoured to act unfairly by him, and that the waiters at the hotel had been employed for that purpose, he assured them, that the whole was totally void of foundation, as he had received the greatest assistance, and the most marked attention, from each and all of his brother officers; and every possible civility and accommodation from Mr. Phillips, of the hotel, and every individual belonging to his house. The address was received by the populace with the loudest acclamation.

To estimate this exploit properly, our readers should be informed, that when Mr. Halifax made his bet, he had undergone no training, previously to its commencement; he had been unaccustomed to such violent exertion; and could scarcely have reflected at all on the magnitude of the undertaking.—Not tall, but large limbed; rather what may be termed lusty, than muscular; his step not light and springy, but heavy and laboured; in a word, with what is called a lounging walk; the weather wet, and the road heavy; illness or accident not provided against, and the bet *play* or *pay*.—These circumstances weighed so strongly with all who knew him, that it was considered impossible he could win; but his resolution and spirits bore him up against every impediment, and crowned his exertions with success. The fatigue he suffered on the second and third days was extreme; besides which, his feet were blistered, and he was feverish. The very great attention, and care, however, of Mr. Stephenson, the regimental surgeon, removed those difficulties. Each succeeding day gave him fresh vigour; his body became by degrees inured to the exertion; he acquired a firmer step, and, as the time advanced, he was enabled to do his work with more ease to himself. Thus, by perseverance, and an invincible spirit, he has been enabled to accomplish an exploit, which his friends, and those who reflected on the disadvantages under which he laboured, deemed impossible. We have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Halifax on the successful termination of his labour; but, reflecting on the fatigue and inconvenience he has encountered in this his first essay as a pedestrian, that his time and attention have been entirely absorbed by it for three weeks past, depriving him of every other amusement, and all the comforts of social society, we will venture to predict, that he will not easily be led, at any future period, to make a similar engagement.

Several accounts of minor foot races appear in our SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—We have here to announce, that, in consequence of Lieut. Halifax's performance, and another gentleman having undertaken to go *forty miles* a day for *ten* successive days, Mr. Barclay, of Ury, has lately declared, that he would go *fifty miles* a day for *twenty* successive days, and his friends in town are ready to back him for any sum. In that case, the whole distance would be *one thousand miles*.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. IV.

"THE hero from the north said, it is a black silver profile; the hero from the south said, it is a white one: flat contradictions produced fatal consequences; their swords flew out, and they cut and hacked each other in a most unmerciful manner, till, fainting with the loss of blood, they both fell down, each on the opposite to that on which they began the combat, when, looking up too late, they saw their mistake. At this instant, a venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, and replaced them on their horses, giving them this piece of friendly advice—henceforward, in all political disputes, and matters of a public nature, never to trust themselves till they had examined both sides the question."—*Stevens's Lecture on Heads.*

Were men capable of seeing and examining each concern and matter in life with the same degree of candour and impartiality, they would be nearly all of one mind. This we never do, perhaps we are incapable of doing it were we fully disposed, for each individual has his views, and but few will take the trouble of examining an object on all sides; therefore one man sees what another does not, and their sentiments clash: but this disquisition being too nice for the present occasion, I shall proceed to observe, that

Man is a compounded being in himself, made up of gross matter, pervaded throughout with intelligencies, and spiritualised with lofty, diffusive ideas; in a word, man is a thinking, judging, and reasoning being, most wonderfully compounded in the essence of his nature. Man, in his concerns of life, is no less compounded, the objects by which he is surrounded, his necessities, and his motives and incitements to action, being no less various than his ideas, widely and diffusively as they spread, and proudly as they may soar. Nay, man's ideas seldom, very seldom, keep pace with his motives for and incitements to action. Were our passions weaker, our wants less, and our concerns few, the wide field of reflection and judging would be much contracted, and our motives for embracing one thing and avoiding another would be much diminished; our calls for the exertions of reasoning and discrimination would be proportionably lessened, and we should be less liable to act and judge amiss.—This, however, is by no means the case with mankind, for we are every where surrounded with various objects; our wants are many, our necessities are urgent, our incitements to pleasure, amusements, and gratifications, strong and alluring; while our passions, likings, and aversions, are almost ungovernable; these, altogether, stir up the inventive faculties of mankind, which take a boundless range, and bring established customs and habits to an almost endless variety of modes for supplying them. On this variety of established customs and habits, and dissimilarity of pursuits, which are so conspicuously prevalent in every nation, but more particularly so in commercial kingdoms, something may be justly said in vindication, and in derogation, of almost every one; but the man of candour, impartiality, and mature reflection, will discover something of

of utility and real convenience in most of the customs, habits, and pursuits in life. Error and culpability he will frequently see; but, by candidly examining both sides of the question, he finds that they arise from the commission of some excess, or from the neglect of something necessary to be observed and constantly adhered to, and that those errors and culpabilities are not the unavoidable consequences of the custom or pursuit.

I have been led into this train of reflection, from circumstances that occurred during a week's visit at a friend's house in the month of September. My friend, Mr. Bias, is one of the greatest philanthropists in the county; nor are his love and humanity toward the brute creation much inferior to that which he bears towards his own species; he is, of course, an excellent moral man, a kind humane master, and a charitable, good neighbour. On humanity, tenderness of conduct, and charity, he argues with feeling and good sense, but start any thing that looks like an objection to his refined and exalted notions of philanthropy and general humanity, and no man is more warm than he; he cannot bear with temper or patience that they may be carried to any excess, or that a man can err in his sentiments who is a philanthropist.

He had with him a promising youth from the University, passing his vacation weeks with his uncle in the country. The spirited young student is, perhaps, fonder of a dog and gun than of a classic author. He had no gun of his own, but he brought with him a fine pointer dog. Mr. Bias has an excellent gun, but he kept it carefully out of sight. George made faint enquiries after the gun, and modestly hinted his wishes to be permitted the use of it, and to have a day's sporting to try the qualities of his pointer. "Study your task, George, and make your progress in the folio," was the reply. "I keep my gun for no other purpose than of frightening the birds from my fruit."

The next morning, Mr. Bias was peculiarly cheerful and in good humour. George thought this a favourable opportunity for again circuitously hinting his wishes.—"Are you a good shot, as they call him who is the most murderous sportsman?" asked the uncle.—"I have never had much practice," answered George, "and am unable to say whether I am a good shot or not." "I have a notion, George," said he, "that you will only frighten the poor birds, and therefore you shall have the gun to try your dog with to-day."

George embraced the gun with a kind of rapture, and took it out for examination—he handled it very adroitly. "You are well acquainted with the kind of tube under your hands," said I.—"I have handled a gun before," said he—"but what am I to do? Should I kill any game, I must not produce it. If I throw it away after having killed it, a discovery may be made, which would probably have a still worse effect with my uncle; and to fire purposely beside the mark I cannot endure, for that would be practising an error." "Whatever you may kill," said I, "produce; and should your uncle be seriously hurt and offended at it, I will endeavour to convince him that your crime is pardonable, and justify my opinion by my own sentiments, as well as by the general practice of gentlemen."

As we were sitting down to dinner,

ner, George entered. "Well, George," said Mr. Bias, "where is your game?" "I left it in the bag in the kitchen," answered he. "Aye, aye, I do suppose so," returned the uncle; "you are not apprehensive of its being stolen," smiling at me. Soon after we had finished our repast, my friend Bias went into the kitchen to give some orders, and returned with the game-bag in his hand, from whence he took out a fine hare and three birds. "See here," said he, addressing himself to me, "what havock the cruel depredator has made." "Custom, my good Sir," returned I, "authorises such depredations. The sports of the field are of great antiquity; besides, youth wants exercise." "Exercise let them have," answered he, almost furiously; "but no such exercise as this will I suffer in any one whilst they are under this roof. The ancients hunted, it is true; but then they hunted wild boars, monstrous serpents, lions, and tigers: but where do you read of their ever having hunted a poor helpless timid hare, or of shooting their arrows at partridges? They exercised themselves in throwing the coit, pitching the bar, in running, wrestling, and training their horses; but never, that I could find, did they condescend to wage war with hares and partridges."

"I do not know," returned I, "that it is recorded in those ancient authors who have reached our time that they did; but the ancient historians and poets, I must observe, were very fond of relating the actions and great achievements of heroes and mighty men of renown, and might probably think that the general sports of the field were of too little moment to deserve a place in their writings, as not having danger enough in them to be ranked with the mighty deeds of their great men. Several of the great ancients are said to have hunted; but the wild boar, the lion, or the tiger, it seems, was the object of their pursuit, which they made either to conquer, or to perish nobly in that attempt; or, when an ancient author was forming a peculiarly great hero, then the poet sent him out to free some country of an uncommon beast or horrid monster; but whether these great heroes ever took up arms against hares and partridges, I shall not determine. It might then be thought an exercise unworthy the great hero, though not esteemed a criminal or inhuman pastime; of course the sports of the field fell to vulgar hands and arms, which took hares, partridges, and other game, for the use of these great heroes' tables, who, though they might look on as a degradation to their great names to take themselves, yet they probably ate freely of them, and with a peculiar gust. It is true, the pious hero Eneas is said to have killed a stag; but it was probably pure necessity which prompted him to that action; an action which he would not have descended to had he been in a plentiful country, and his followers well supplied with the necessaries of life."

"Dare you to think," said Mr. Bias, sternly, "that the ancient poets were as great liars as the moderns? they did not draw their characters in miniature portraits, or in profile, but at full length and dimensions; they sung the man as well as his arms." "We will not dispute," said I, "about ancient heroes, or their poets. I, for my part, shall suppose, that the ancient poets took the liberty of embellishing their characters as well

well as the moderns; that they carefully drew some parts of their characters in shades, and threw light plentifully upon others; and that the great heroes themselves would pick the bones of a hare or partridge, though they might hold it a disgrace to their great names to let fly an arrow at either, thinking that their immortal fame depended on their depopulating some neighbouring nation, more innocent and more virtuous, but less powerful, than their mightinesses."

"I am not alone," said friend Bias, "in my sentiments on this subject, though you are not disposed to hear me, or to think my sentiments altogether just and reasonable; yet hear," said he, rising, and taking down Thomson's Seasons, "what the humane poet of the Seasons has to say on the sports of the field." He turned over to Autumn, began reading at line 360, and read with great devotion to line 437, dwelling with peculiar energy and emphasis on the following passage:—

"As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful ev'ry way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun
O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again
Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
Wounded and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful muse.
'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful, barb'rous game of death,
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
—Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare."

Friend Bias, having finished the feeling effusions of the descriptive poet, looked with a kind of triumphant confidence, and as though he expected applause. No applause, however, ensued. George was silent, and I was grave and thoughtful. I told my friend that I would give the subject an impartial and candid discussion on my pillow; and if any thing occurred to my mind that I might think worthy of committing to paper, I would do it in the morning, and lay the matter before him to judge and criticise. M.

ON THE

ART OF SCREAMING.

Mr. Editor,

AS the public have now had leisure and opportunity to recover from the shock occasioned to their finer feelings, by the late accident at Sadler's Wells (which, by the way, they have done surprisingly soon), I beg leave to trouble you with a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, in consequence of a conversation with some persons present on that celebrated night. I hope that now, when we are all calm and quiet, a little good advice will not be refused a patient hearing.

Having

Having been for many years a frequenter of public places, and, by virtue of my rank in life, admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportunities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears;* and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that the late accident was occasioned—not by pickpockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by SCREAMING.—Your readers may exclaim pooh! and pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the same time permit me to explain myself.

I repeat it, Sir, that the whole mischief was occasioned by *Screaming,* a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed where there *is.*—Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to *screaming,* if it were put under due regulation. I am aware that to *scream* prettily is part of the education of every young lady of fashion; but although it is taught at school along with other species of music, along with the piano-forte, the harp, the triangle, and the rest of the necessary branches of polite education, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries, and therefore very aukwardly performed at home.

The general routine of teaching the art of *screaming* is, to give *Miss* a few elementary lessons with a *spider,* or a *father-long-legs,* placed first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson with a pretty *squall,* the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a *blue-bottle* than all the bosoms of an Opera-benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs,* she is to be taught to *scream* at a *mouse,* and here there are several gradations, for which, I believe, our governesses generally make an *extra charge.* First, there is only the *report* of a mouse, which may pass off with a few *Good Lords!* or *Oh La!'s.* Next, the *noise* of a mouse is heard behind the wainscot, and this generally produces a very promising and tolerably shrill cry; and lastly, the little animal is introduced in *propria persona,* running across the room, which is followed by the true musical shriek in *alt.* heard all over the house, bringing up the maids, and perhaps the footmen, to see that it don't come too near the open end of Miss's petticoats, if she happen to be so far *undrest* as to have any.

From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of *screaming* (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys), and they learn, at the same time (if their parents choose to go to the expence), the *sostenuto,* the *crescendo,* the swell, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh! L—d; Good G—d; help; murder; fire,* &c. all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dog or cat, and perhaps throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown: the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes it is unanimously agreed, that there was nothing the matter, but they *were so frightened!*

Now,

Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. Although the pupil is not only told that *screaming* in company, or at a public assembly, is a fine accomplishment, and mighty attractive, but is likewise taught how to *scream* from the lowest note to the top of the gamut; yet, unfortunately, she is not taught the proper occasions when to *scream*, and when to sit quiet; nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, aukward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little *rumplings* and *rumpusses*, which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and *make one be talked of*. It is plain that, for want of a due management of the *tonish scream*, some people have lost their lives, and others their limbs, which is not a very pleasant circumstance, and however we may speculate on such matters, there is really no affectation, and nothing graceful in dislocations, or compound fractures. How horrid, Mr. Editor, to think! instead of a gay Colonel, or a dozen of Bond-street beaux, hanging over one with hartshorn, eau-de-luce, and burnt feathers—to have a filthy Coroner, and his dozen of jury-men, pawing one about, nobody knows where, to find out a verdict!

I would therefore, Sir, recommend it to those Governesses who teach frights by the quarter, to consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of *screaming* to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an *ear-wig* may be killed without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a *mouse* may be caught without a *posse-comitatus* of ushers, teachers, nurses, and servants, roused from their four-pair-of-stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, pokers, and pewter p—. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of *screaming* in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestic circles, or ladies' routs at farthest.—Among *friends*, such things are very becoming, and added to the equally genteel accomplishments of fits, faintings, &c. give a grace, and a *Je ne scai quoi*, to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in public places, where there are always a great many of that class whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the *scream*, or even a *chorus* of *screams*, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of these things which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the music of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

I beg, however, that in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of *screaming*, I may not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears, and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrors as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are so ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chambers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with

éclat

éclat in company, and graced by the usual accompaniments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among ever-greens. All I contend for is, that where there is *real* danger, they will *sit still*, and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, the approach of a ravisher, or other such elegant timidities, may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A QUIET SOUL.

ORIENTAL FIELD SPORTS.

A Splendid work, under the above title, has lately made its appearance in the literary world; it professes to be a complete, detailed, and accurate description of the wild sports of the east; and exhibiting in a novel and interesting manner, the natural history of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, the leopard, the bear, the deer, the buffalo, the wolf, the wild hog, the jackall, the wild dog, the civet, and other undomesticated animals: as likewise the different species of feathered game, fishes, and serpents. The whole interspersed with a variety of original, authentic, and curious anecdotes, which render the work replete with information and amusement. The scenery gives a faithful representation of that picturesque country, together with the manners and customs both of the native and European inhabitants. The narrative is divided into forty heads, forming collectively a complete work, but so arranged, that each part is a detail of one of the forty coloured engravings with which the publication is embellished. The whole taken from the manuscript and designs of Captain Thomas Williamson, who served upwards of twenty years in Bengal; the drawings, by Samuel Howitt, made uniform in size, and engraved by the first artists, under the direction of Edward Orme."—It is printed in Imperial folio; price 21l. boards.

Much entertainment for the eye, and much information for the mind, will be found in this very splendid volume; but when we advert to its price, we are not a little surprised that the author should expect "an extensive circulation." Twenty guineas may be a trifle in a Nabob's pocket: but Nabobs are not numerous in England; and we should suppose that the sale of such a work as this cannot be very widely diffused. The wealthy patrons of the arts, however, will, no doubt, encourage so magnificent an undertaking, and will enrich their museums with these Asiatic landscapes; which, we are assured, are faithfully delineated from nature, and are calculated to furnish an accurate idea of the country of the East. The accounts given in the letter-press are either the result of personal information, or are copied from descriptions of undoubted veracity. Fearful of being suspected of apocryphal relations, the author assures us, that, so far from sinning on the side of exaggeration, he has "kept *within* the limits of reality, not venturing, on many occasions, to amplify to the extent which would have been warranted by truth."

"I am aware, (continues he) that

that many things by no means wonderful or uncommon in one country, are upheld to ridicule in another as being monstrous and absurd! Thus, when the sailor boy related to his father and mother, that the flying fishes used to drop on board the ship, they silenced him with a severe rebuke, for attempting to impose on them with so palpable a falsehood: but when Jack, altering his tone to make friends with the old folks, said that in weighing their anchor, while up the Red Sea, a large carriage wheel, of solid gold and studded with diamonds, was found hanging to one of its flukes, they acknowledged his fiction as a truth; observing, that Pharaoh and his host were drowned there, and that no doubt it was one of the wheels of his Majesty's chariot."

Appeal is made to gentlemen who have resided in India, especially in Bengal, for evidence of the author's accuracy: but he begs leave to except a certain description of them, who are called "Calcutta cocknies," and who, perhaps, are as ignorant of Oriental as the London cocknies are of European Field Sports.

To the first plate, entitled, "Going out in a Morning," is subjoined an account of an Eastern Hunting Establishment, which, as may be supposed, is very unlike every thing of the kind in our own country. The sport with which we are first presented (the subject of plate 2) consists of "Beating Sugar-Canes for a wild Hog," an animal not to be compared with tame swine. It is stated by the author, that "those unacquainted with the vigour and speed of the jungle hog, will be surprised to learn, that it requires a good horse to keep near a moderate-sized hog, not rendered tardy by too long voluptuousness among corn or canes; and that it is by no means uncommon to see what is considered but a moderate sized animal, overthrow many horses, with their riders, in succession!—When they are low in flesh, which is the case when they are obliged to seek their food at a distance, and get confirmed in good wind, they seem rather to fly than to run.—I recollect being one of four, well mounted, who were completely distanced in a chase of about three miles."

At the end of this article we read, that "Porcupines are often found in beating canes for hogs: they are easily speared: the flesh of the young ones is very good, and somewhat similar to pork or veal. With respect to shooting their quills, it is merely fabulous; but many horses will not approach them when running, by reason of a peculiar rattling of their quills."

After the remark which has been made on the nature of the wild hog, we can easily credit an observation in the letter-press affixed to plate 3, on the chase of this animal, that "no diversion requires more coolness and judgment than hog-hunting." The spear employed on this occasion is described, as well as the kind of dogs most proper for this sport.

We turn next to the interesting representation (plate 4) of "Hunters coming by surprise on a Tigress and her Cubs;" an occurrence which, we should think, must effectually damp the pleasure of the chase. An incident of this sort, which happened to a party of which the author was one, is related; the affright of the horses is particularly described; and it was scarcely necessary to add, that, "when a tiger is roused, it requires some pre-

sence

sence of mind, as well as a firm seat, to prevent mischief.' Here no accident took place, but at other times the rencontre has been fatal: and we are informed that the scratches made by the claws of the tiger are in most cases mortal.

Respecting this formidable animal, the following particulars are detailed:—" The opinion entertained that a tiger will not at any time approach fire, is carried much too far; it is true that they are extremely averse to it; but when hungry, nothing will deter them from their object. The posts throughout India travel on foot, one man carrying the mail over his shoulder, and accompanied at night, as also through all suspicious places in the day time, by one or more with small drums, and eventually a *teereudaur*, or archer. Yet this precaution does not suffice to intimidate the ravenous animal during the day, however great his antipathy to noise, any more than two strong flambeaus which the postman has at night. I recollect an instance of a tiger occupying a spot in Goomeah pass for near a fortnight, during which time he daily carried away a man; generally one of the *dawk*, or postmen. At one time he was disappointed of his meal, as he by mistake carried off the leathern bag instead of its bearer: but the following night he seized one of the torchmen, and soon disappeared with him."

By an anecdote which succeeds, we are led to infer that the human inhabitants are at times scarcely less ferocious than the savage animals; since they will murder with as little compunction, though they do not make a meal of the carcase.

Plates 5, 6, and 7, are intitled, "The Hog at Bay,"—" the Dead Hog,"—and " the Return from Hog-hunting." Four plates (8, 9, 10, 11) are devoted to the Elephant, which " may be said to possess the energy of the horse, the sagacity of the dog, and a large portion of the monkey's cunning." The drawings represent " Driving elephants into a Keddah,"—Decoy elephants catching a male,"—" Decoy elephants leaving the male fastened to a tree,"—and " A rhinoceros hunted by elephants." The Keddah is a strong inclosure or trap, into which herds of wild elephants are driven, and in which they are kept till they become tame. Of the other mode of securing these animals by means of *koomkies*, or females who voluntarily assist in decoying the males, a full account is given. Numerous anecdotes attest the tractability of the elephant; but every reader will join with the present writer in opinion, that the rhinoceros is " an animal by no means fit to be made *a pet*."

The tiger is the subject of eleven plates, (from No. 12 to 22, inclusive) the titles of which are—" A tiger prowling through a village"—" Shooting a tiger from a platform"—" A tiger seizing a bullock in a pass"—Driving a tiger out of a jungle"—" Chasing a tiger across a river"—" The tiger at bay"—A tiger springing upon an elephant"—" The dead tiger"—" Shooters coming by surprise on a tiger"—" A tiger hunted by wild dogs"—" A tiger killed by a poisoned arrow."

When we advert to the desolating ravages of this ferocious beast, we read with pleasure of the means taken for his extirpation. We were therefore gratified by learning from this work, that " of such importance has the search for tigers, and their consequent destruction, proved

proved in some parts of Bengal, that large tracts of country, in a manner depopulated by their ravages, or by the apprehensions to which the proximity of such a scourge naturally must give birth, have by persevering exertion been freed from their devastations; and in lieu of being over-run with long grass and brambles, have become remarkable for the state of cultivation to which they have been brought."

Cossimbazar Island is reported to have been nearly cleared of this animal by an athletic German, six feet two inches high, named Paul; who, leaving 'hog-hunting to boys,' as he expressed himself, delighted in encountering the tiger, and "would set off thirty or forty miles, with as many elephants, on hearing of a tiger having committed depredations."

It is well known that this animal's fore-paw is the invariable engine of destruction; and that, by the weight and force of this limb, bullocks and buffaloes are stunned, and even the bones of the skull crushed. "I have seen (says the author) many men and oxen that have been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen."

In tiger-hunting, a number of well-sized and well-trained elephants are necessary; and the mode in which these ponderous creatures are employed in this diversion, may be seen in the view of a tiger driven out of a jungle.

The plate of the dead tiger represents him transfixed by the tusks of an elephant; and we are told that "The common method of training an elephant to attack tigers is with a stuffed skin, which being laid in his way, as he proceeds through a grass jungle, at first usually excites some alarm; but the elephant speedily becomes reconciled to the object, and, after a few trials, may be brought not only to view it with indifference, but to put his foot on the supposed carcase, rolling it backwards and forwards, as it were for amusement, and occasionally bearing his whole weight thereon. When sufficiently reconciled to the complexion and feel of the fictitious enemy, the elephant is taught to receive it on his teeth, when thrown towards his head by one or two men. After this he is made to kill, and press his teeth through the stuffing, so as to fix it to the ground. During all these parts of the tuition, the *mohout*, or driver, uses every soothing means, caressing the elephant, and supplying him liberally with such dainties as he seems to prefer: thus not only rendering him sensible of the advantages attendant on his acquiescence and docility of disposition, but creating a regard for his keeper, which in the sequel is often found to contribute much to his safety."—It is added, however, that this process will not always succeed.

A caution is given to the oriental shooter to avoid those covers which, in the sporting term, appear "rather tigerish;" and as a general direction, it is remarked that, "wherever peacocks and spotted deer abound, the tiger will generally be a visitor; and that the borders of jungles containing such game are highly dangerous," as the writer proceeds to evince on his own experience: but the incident is too long to be transcribed.

Captain Williamson, for we apprehend that he must be considered as the author who is speaking, supposes that some persons who have passed a considerable part of their lives

lives in Bengal will question the fact of tigers being hunted by wild dogs; but he pledges himself to the accuracy of the report, and observes that gentlemen who have been resident on the Western frontiers, from Midnapore to Chamar, will acknowledge the validity of his assertion. The *Dhole*, or wild dog, employed in this chase, is about the size of a small greyhound, having a brilliant eye, with a slender, deep-chested body, and of a rich bay colour. He runs mute, excepting that now and then he utters a whimpering kind of note, similar to that which is expressed by a dog in the moment of anxiety. Notwithstanding the immense powers and activity of tigers, it is asserted that not even the largest and fiercest of them can hold out against the *dholes*. We are even informed of one instance in which a single dog belonging to the author sprang at a tiger; and of another in which "five or six spaniels did not hesitate to attack a tiger which they accidentally encountered, and though one or two felt the force of his paws, the others so completely annoyed him, and remained staunch, as to be the means of his destruction."

As a finale to the chapters which follow in sequence on the tiger, we are told that "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag (in the plate, the flag is red,) fixed to a bamboo staff, of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, each to throw a stone, or brick, near the spot, so that in the course of a little time, a pile equal to a good waggon load is collected. The sight of the flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not altogether devoid of apprehension."

The next plate (No. 23) represents "Shooting a Leopard in a Tree." This animal has been known to ascend trees when he is pursued, for which reason he is called, in some parts of India, *Lackree baug*, or the Tree-tiger. In his dispositions and habits, he is reported to be more similar to the cat than even the royal tiger; and to be more shy, subtle, and ravenous, than any other of the feline species. A singular anecdote of an encounter between a British officer and a leopard, is related at p. 90.

To the buffalo two plates are assigned, (24. and 25.) intitled "Exhibition of a battle between a Buffalo and a Tiger," and "Hunting an old Buffalo." In illustration of these representations, the author informs us, that "the wild Buffalo is so very fierce that he will sometimes attack a groupe of elephants; and that there cannot be a more menacing object than a single wild buffalo, disturbed from wallowing in the mud." A species of amphitheatric exhibition is sometimes given by the Nabobs, in which a tiger and a buffalo are the *dramatis personæ*; who, being turned into a strong wooden inclosure built for the occasion, engage in bloody fight for the amusement of numerous spectators, arranged under an elegant awning, on an elevated stage, and enjoying the spectacle without being endangered. The nature of the contest is thus described:

"Persons unacquainted with the true character of the tiger, would expect to see him attack the buffalo as soon as he might enter the area. But no: as soon as the buffalo makes his appearance, the tiger, which, perhaps, till then does not betray any marked apprehension, or probably seems to menace the spectators,

spectators, swelling his fur, and shewing his teeth, or occasionally snarling and lashing his sides with his tail, all at once sinks into the most contemptible despondency.—He sneaks along under the palisade, crouching and turning on his back to avoid the buffalo's charge. He tries every device his situation will admit, and often suffers himself to be gored, or to be lifted from his pusillanimous lurking by the buffalo's horn, before he can be induced to stand on his defence. When, however, he does on such occasions, summon up courage to oppose the assailant, he displays wonderful vigour and activity! His claws are distended, and wherever they touch, they fail not to draw streams of blood; actuating the buffalo to the most desperate efforts, but which are not of long duration. The immense strength of the tiger lais (lies) in his fore-arm, and would prove fatal to the buffalo if there were opportunity given for a blow to take proper effect. The buffalo, being on his guard, avoids too close an engagement, but ever keeping a front to his opponent, rushes towards him with his whole force, and recedes with surprising celerity as soon as the tiger shews his intention to strike. Sometimes the tiger will follow, and make a desperate spring; which, however, the buffalo either avoids by rapidly shifting his ground, or, at the same moment darting forwards, meets the tiger with his horns. There are instances, that on such occasions, the tiger has sprung over the buffalo's back, causing the combatants to change places, and affording to the buffalo an excellent chance of transfixing the tiger before he could recover from the fall invariably attendant on such a circumstance."

From this minute account, the reader may collect the nature and the issue of the contest: the buffalo is generally the victor;—and in hunting, the buffalo at bay must be a very formidable animal.

Plates 26 and 27, represent, "Peacock shooting," and "Shooting at the edge of a jungle;" and in the illustrative letter-press, we read, that in the Jungleterry district "whole woods are covered with the beautiful plumage of peafowls, to which the rising sun imparts additional brilliancy;" that during the cold season, geese, ducks, teal, wigeons, &c. are often found in such numbers as to cover the surface; and that partridges of various kinds, quails, florikens (a species of bustard), snipes, (but few woodcocks), wild pigeons, ortolans, hares, &c. are abundant in India.

Bruin forms the subject of plates 28 and 29, the titles of which are, "Driving a Bear out of sugar canes," and "Death of the Bear." Sceptics on the subject of the existence of bears in India will have their doubts removed by this publication; in which the fact is ascertained, and the distinguishing properties of the Bengal bear are described. He is represented to be the most cruel, most fierce, and most implacable of animals.

In the next plate (No. 30.) is delineated the "Hunting of a Kuttauss or civet," an animal which is "little known to Europeans, though such profuse encomiums are lavished on its alledged perfumes. The fact is, that, like many other scents which may be too strong to please, the kuttauss is really offensive, and absolutely sickens both man and beast. It has a rank smell, somewhat like musk, and so powerful as to occasion such dogs as mouth it to vomit.—It is the most

most obnoxious of all the wild tribes known in India."

The remainder of the plates (from No. 31. to 40. inclusive) represent "Hunting Jackalls"——"Chase of a Wolf"—"The common wolf trap"——"Smoking wolves from their earths"—"The Ganges breaking its banks, with fishing," &c.—"Killing game in boats"—"*Dooreahs* or dog-keepers leading out dogs"—"*Syces* or grooms leading out horses"——"Hunting a hog-deer"—"The hog-deer at bay."—In the explanations affixed to these, and indeed to all the other views, various matters of curious and interesting information are introduced, which are not indicated by the titles, as snakes, alligators, &c. and which it has been impossible for us even cursorily to notice: but, from the extracts which we have made, our readers may perceive that the typography constitutes a valuable part of this performance; though the language is not always correct, and though in one place (p. 14.) the author has been guilty of an Irish blunder, by informing us that the only instance of a man being killed in hunting by a tiger was a man killed by a leopard.

Of the extreme venom of the snake, the following short passage will give a tolerable idea:—"Persons working in fields are often bitten, and as no puncture in general appears, the poor fellows are apt to attribute the uneasiness first felt, to the prickings of thorns, thistles, &c. A few minutes, however, never fail to exhibit the real state of the case; the unfortunate victim becoming sick, with cold sweats and stupor, and gradually subsiding, perhaps occasionally convulsed, into the arms of death! Few survive more than half an hour; and many die within five minutes."

A pure preparation of *eau-de-luce*, taken in the proportion of a tea-spoonful to a wine-glass of water, and repeated two or three times, is mentioned as an antidote. The *eau-de-luce* is said to prevent the stagnation of the blood. If this be a fact, it is very important, and ought to be known to all our countrymen who visit the East; especially as we cannot obtain the secret of resisting this poison, said to be possessed by the native snake-catchers: for we are told that the *cobra* or *covra capella*, one of the most venomous of all the snake-tribe, is not confined to the fields, but insinuates itself into the habitations of man, getting into the thatch, and under furniture. "I once (says the author) was dining with a friend, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a *covra capella* and a rat falling upon one of the dishes on the table. I know not which of the party were first out of the room." He might fairly have added, that gentlemen ought to be liberally remunerated for residing in a country, in which they are continually liable to such interruptions.

While the plates represent the subjects to which they more immediately relate, we are assured that the scenery, foliage, &c. of the country, are also very faithfully delineated. They are taken from accurate drawings, and are beautifully coloured, constituting a series of engravings which all who view them must wish to possess. Handsomely framed, they would make an appropriate decoration of an apartment, fitted up in the Asiatic style. The size of each plate is 18 inches by 13; and the pages of the volume measure 24 inches by 19.

DECISION

DECISION
ON
THE RIGHT OF SHOOTING AND HUNTING
Over Commons and Waste Lands.

LORD ERSKINE having had a case laid before him when he was at the bar, requesting his opinion, whether a lord of a manor could prevent a land-owner within the manor from killing game upon a common, where he had a right of common of pasture; and not having answered it before he was promoted to the Great Seal, he sent it to Edward Christian, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, the judicious editor of Blackstone's Commentaries, who, in consequence, has collected the following authorities upon the subject.

It appears, both from principles and authorities, that a land-owner within a manor, who has nothing more than a right of common upon the waste, although he may have a qualification to kill game, has no right to kill game upon the waste or common; but that where the commoners have only common of pasture, the lord of the manor has the exclusive right to the game upon the commons and waste within the manor.

A tenant of a manor or a land-holder may have a right of hunting or fishing upon the waste, as he has a right of pasturage; but they are distinct and independent rights; they must each be proved and supported, either by an existing grant or by prescription, which presumes an original grant from the lord, to whom the soil and the whole interest attached to it still belong, except what has been so granted to the commoners.

Fleta makes the distinction in lib. iv, c. 23, 24, & 26. In c. 23, *De Admens. Past.* he says, "Illis autem, qui communiam tantum habent in fundo alicujus, aliud remedium non competit nisi admensuratio," sect. 2. In c. 24, he calls communia pasturæ "jus pascendi." In c. 26, he says, "Item poterit quis communiam cum alio et jus fodiendi, sicut jus pascendi et jus *venandi, piscandi,* potandi, hauriendi, et alia plura, quæ infinita sunt, faciendi cum libero accessu et recessu secundum quod ad dictam communiam pasturæ pertinet." The tenant may have *jus venandi et piscandi,* but these rights are not necessarily annexed to the *jus pascendi,* or common of pasture, any more than the *jus fodiendi,* or the right of digging turf or of opening mines.

The right of common of pasture can only be enjoyed, according to the words of Lord Coke, by the mouths of the cattle of him who has that right.

That the commoner has no right to kill or to take the game upon the common, seems to be fully established in Coney's case. Godbolt, 122. 29 Eliz.—An action of trespass was brought against John Coney, for digging of the plaintiff's close, and killing eighteen coneys there. The defendant pleaded, as to all the trespass, but killing of two coneys, Not Guilty; and as to them he said, that the place where the trespass is supposed is a heath, in which he hath common of pasture; and that he found them eating of the grass; and that he killed them and carried them away, as it was lawful for him to do.

This case was argued by Lord Coke, and his argument equally applies to every species of game as to rabbits. He made two points the first was, "Whether a commoner

moner having common of pasture may kill the coneys which are upon the ground? and he said he might not. And first he said, it is to be considered what interest he who hath the freehold may have in such things as are *feræ naturæ*.—Secondly, what authority a commoner hath in the ground in which he hath common. To the first he said, although such beasts are *feræ naturæ*, yet they are reduced to such property when they are in my ground by reason of my possession, which I there have in them, that I may have an action of trespass against him who takes them. But it is said, that he hath common there: what then?—yet he cannot meddle with the sand, wood, or grass, but by taking of the same with the mouths of his cattle.

"If he who hath the freehold bring an action against the commoner for entering into his land; if he plead Not Guilty, he cannot give in evidence that he hath common there. It is doubted whether a man can have property in things which are *feræ naturæ*; but in 10 Hen. VII. fo. 6, it is holden, that an account lieth for things *feræ naturæ*—Vide 14 Hen. VIII. fo. 1, the Bishop of London's case. As long as they are in his ground they are in his possession, and he shall have an action of trespass for the taking of them; and the writ shall be *damas suas*. And in the Register, 102, it is *quare ducentos euniculos suos pretii, &c. cepit*." After hearing the argument on the other side, Gaudy, Ch. Justice, observed, he cannot kill the coneys: and the court gave judgment for the plaintiff.

In the 43 Eliz. a commoner attempted to justify killing coneys upon a common, because they were there damage feasant; and the court there made a distinction between profitable animals and vermin. Bellew *v.* Langdon. Cro. Eliz. 876. Trespass for breaking his close, and killing there two hundred coneys. The defendant justifies, for that he there had common appurtenant to such a house by prescription, and because the coneys were there damage feasant, he killed them; and it was thereupon demurred. The court resolved, that the plea was not good; for the coney is a beast of warren, and profitable as deer are, and are not to be compared to vermin; and therefore the keeping of them by the owner of the soil is lawful, and the killing of them unlawful and not justifiable.—Judgment for the plaintiff.

This doctrine is not confined to rabbits or deer, but comprehends every species of game, and also every other species of animal which is profitable and saleable, and not of that noxious nature which the public benefit justifies every subject in destroying. In the case of Sutton *v.* Moody, 2 Salk. 556, and in 1 Ld Raymn. 251, Lord Holt and the court expressly declared, "that a man has no more property in coneys in a warren than any man has in his own land. If A. starts a hare in my close, and kills her there, it is my hare. The property continues all the while in me; but if he hunts it into the ground of a third person, then it is the hunter's." And this he took upon the authority of 12 Hen. VIII. 9.

I remember an action of trover tried before Lord Kenyon at the sittings at Westminster. A gentleman, the plaintiff, started a hare in one man's ground, and coursed it into the ground of another, where his greyhounds killed it. The

owner of the field where it was killed, took it up and carried it away. Lord Kenyon directed a verdict for the plaintiff, and cited the distinction of Lord Holt with approbation.

The right of a commoner is well described in Bridgman's Reports, p. 10, in these words:—"And as the commoner may not meddle with the soil, so cannot he meddle with any-thing arising out of the land, or that doth grow, or is nourished by the same, otherwise than to have his cattle fed there; and therefore it is adjudged, Mich. 5 Jac. that a commoner cannot kill coneys there, but may bring his action out of the case." Though this was only the argument of Bridgman when he was counsel, yet this is adopted with approbation by Lord Kenyon, 6 T. R. 486.

I have been favoured by Mr. Nares with a case from his father's notes, in which it was not only decided that a commoner has no right to kill game upon the common, but that, after notice to refrain, the trespass must be certified to be wilful and malicious, so as to entitle the lord, the plaintiff, to full costs. It is the case of Swinnerton *v.* Jarvis, tried before Mr. Justice Nares, Stafford spring assizes, 1782. It was an action of trespass for breaking and entering, &c. It was proved that the plaintiff was lord of the manor, and that the defendant was shooting on the waste, a heath where there was black game. The defendant had notice from the plaintiff to go off; he continued shooting two hours afterwards. It was proved the defendant had a large estate, and a right of common upon the heath.—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages, one penny.

Then follows this entry in the judge's note book. "I refused a certificate, not thinking it a wilful trespass, he never having been there before nor since, and thinking he had a right on account of his estate. However, the Court of Common Pleas held that his staying one moment after notice made it wilful, and that I was bound to certify, and therefore entered one *nunc pro tunc.*

This case must have been decided upon the principle that the lord of the manor is the owner of the soil upon the waste, and therefore has a right to the whole produce except the grass, which may be taken by the mouths of the cattle of the commoners. It is a consequence of that general rule, "Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum et ad inferos." The right to the soil does not give the owner merely a right to those animals which are denominated game, but to every other species of animal which is of value to an individual, and not noxious or hurtful to the public.

In the year-book, 22 Hen. VI. fo. 54, it was held, that an action might be brought for taking and carrying away *sex juvenes goshawks,* "six young goshawks." And it was laid down generally, *En ce cas le ley entend de proprete des bestes en moy.* "In that case the law understands the property of the beasts to be in me." The owner of the soil has every production, mineral, vegetable, and animal.—All wild *bestes,* or creatures, while they remain upon the soil, the law considers in his possession, and gives him alone the right of taking. Fish are not game, and are every way annexed to the soil, where there is not an inconsistent right originating either in an existing or presumed grant.

The

The law is even more extensive than the maxim "Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum et ad inferos;" for where there is a right of property of any kind, the owner is entitled to all the produce of that property, both natural and adventitious. As where one has the soil, and another a tree growing upon it, the owner of the tree has not only the exclusive right to the fruit, but to every animal production, whilst it remains in or upon that tree. That is expressly decided in the bishop of London's case, cited by lord Coke in his argument from the year-book, 14 Hen. VIII. fo. 1.

The following were the circumstances of the bishop of London's case. The bishop of London brought an action of trespass against the defendant for entering his close and taking away his herons and shovelers. The defendant pleaded, that the place where the trespass was supposed to be committed was called the park, and was demised to him by the bishop for a term of years. The bishop replied, that he had demised the park with an exception of the trees, and that the herons when taken were resting and abiding in the trees. Upon demurrer, the court held, that by the exception of the trees the bishop had reserved to himself a right of ingress to the trees, and that he alone had a right to take the herons and shovelers, or bees, or wild honey, or whatever was annexed or attached to the trees, whilst it continued so annexed or attached; and they gave judgment for the plaintiff.

It is frequently said, that game ought be made the property of the owner of the ground. The ancient common law of England has made it such, as far as property can exist in animals, which no fence can confine, and which have a power of conveying themselves at any time from one owner to another. That right in the case of pheasants and partridges, was expressly declared by parliament in the preamble of 11 Hen. VII. c. 17, in these words; "Forasmuch as divers persons, having little substance to live upon, use many times to take and destroy pheasants and partridges upon the lands and tenements of divers owners of the same, by the which the same owners lose not only their pleasure that they should have about hunting and taking the same, but also lose the profit and avail that by that occasion should grow to their household." The statute then enacts, that if any person should take any pheasants or partridges upon the freehold of another without the consent of the owner of the ground, he should forfeit ten pounds; one half to the prosecutor and one half to the owner. This statute is still in force, and it protects the profit and avail of two animals only by a penalty. But the profit and avail of every other innoxious animal is secured to the owner by the common law in an action of trespass, not merely for an injury to the soil and herbage, but for taking and carrying away *sua animalia*.

Silk-worms are only a species of caterpillar; but where the breed of them is preserved by the owner of the soil, every one ought both in moral and legal justice to make full compensation to the owner for any injury done to them. So frogs, snails, or butterflies, if they had a pecuniary value, would equally belong to the owner of the soil. Wild bees and honey, are declared to be his property in the bishop of London's case, or to belong to the owner of the tree, if he is a different person

person from the owner of the ground. The law of England upon this subject is consistent with itself, and with the rules of abstract justice respecting property.

If every man's house is his castle, so every man's field is his garden; and no one has a better right to take a pheasant, woodcock, lark, or butterfly, out of another's field, than he has out of his garden or out of his house.

If the tenants of a manor have immemorially exercised the right of killing game upon the waste, then it might be sustained as a *jus venandi* originally granted by the lord; but I should think the judges would require, besides proof of several instances of the exercise, strong traditional evidence, or evidence of reputation, that the tenants of that manor had a right of that sort peculiar to themselves, and different from the rights of commoners in general.

EDWARD CHRISTIAN.

Lincoln's Inn, Sept. 1, 1807.

It is but justice to acknowledge, that the foregoing important question on the right of shooting and hunting over commons and waste lands, is extracted from *Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinensis*, vol. viii. p. 237.

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 170, of our last Vol.

SCENE changes to an Anti-chamber in Lady Tenace's house, discovers several tables of refreshments, and the groom of the chambers at a table with cards.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. MORE cards—more cards—quick.

Groom.—The deuce is in them, Smart, I think, for tearing the cards to night. They have destroyed me more than in any night since my being in Lady Tenace's family.

Serv.—What need you repine at that, as it is so much the better for you?

Groom.—I know that, but I'll be hang'd if Lady Deuce is not on the losing pin.

Serv.—Ay, and Arabella too.

Groom.———That's somewhat strange, and Capt. Rookwood her partner!

Serv.—O pox!—I can see he loses for the nonce.—I smoak him.

Groom.—-Well! what unaccountable things, Smart, are these same ladies!

Serv.—And what a deal do they subscribe to our Operas! They love Operas, say they, because they lull the passions of the soul, and yet one quarter of an hour afterwards they fall to gaming, and very often pay for unlulling them again.

Groom.—As you say, they put themselves into strange passions at play.

Serv.—One would not believe it, if one had not seen it often. How they laugh when they win! How angry are they when they lose! How fearful those who have a little to lose! and how avaricious those who have a great deal! I wonder they won't do that for the sake of their faces, which they cannot be brought to do for the sake of any thing else.—In short, they impair their healths, as well as their fortunes; for as Addison says, haggard looks and pale complexions are the natural indications of a female gamester.—But, come, come—make haste,—the cards.

Groom.—I have but two packs left

left—there, take them, till I run and fetch more.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce.—Stript, stript—my money, necklace, rings, watch—all gone—curse on the cards—sure never woman was so unfortunate! O, for fifty pieces now to turn luck.

Enter Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—Your Ladyship's pleasure? I thought you gave me a look as if you would speak with me.

Lady Deuce.—I did—Dear Captain, you see I am quite broke—for heav'n's sake, let me have fifty pieces.

Capt. Rook.—Fifty pieces, Madam! Upon my soul they should have been at your devotion; but I am quite exhausted myself.

Lady Deuce.—Come—Forty, then.

Capt. Rook.—I vow, my lady, it is not in my power.

Lady Deuce.——Well, twenty shall do—You can't be without that.

Capt. Rook.—Not left me, upon my honour.

Lady Deuce.—Send home then. You won't, sure, refuse me such a trifle?

Capt. Rook.—Not if I were master of it—but really I'm as bare as your ladyship.

Lady Deuce.—'Tis false! false as the vows you made of everlasting constancy. Barbarous man! a month ago I might have commanded your whole fortune; and shall I now ask in vain for 20 pieces, which in an hour, perhaps, I might repay!—Come, you but try my temper.—You are not that ungenerous creature you would seem.

Capt. Rook.—Look ye, madam, I really have no money; but if I had, it would be madness to lend it where I knew it would be of no service to the person I obliged. You know that your luck is always very bad; besides you play again. Believe me, it would be much more prudent to take the advice of your friends, and refrain the game.

Lady Deuce.—Perfidious man! Why did not you always talk thus? Was it not yourself who took the advantage of my foible? Encouraged it on every occasion? Extolled me for my skill in the game? Frequently broke me, and at last bartered for my honour with my own money?—But I'll never see you more.

[*Exit in a Rage.*

Capt. Rook.—Ha! ha! ha! obliging to the last degree! How like the ghost of departed love is a stale face, when one is in pursuit of a new one!—[*Going in, is met by Arabella.*]

Enter Arabella.

Ara.—My chair there.

Capt. Rook.—How madam! Not going, sure?

Ara.—Having lost all my money, Captain, I have no further business here.

Re-enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce.—[*Aside.*] I'll try him once more.—Hah! Arabella—She has lost too. I'll observe.

[*Stands to listen.*

Capt. Rook.—It is true, madam,—you have not had the luckiest partner of me. But fortune, madam, may smile upon us again.—Never give out for an ill hand, or two—'Tis an observation with gamesters, that those who borrow generally win.—I have 500 pieces at your service.

Lady Deuce.—Villain! [*Aside.*]

Ara.—I thank you, Captain,—but if I should be an exception to the observation you mention, this sum, with what I have already lost, might lay me under inconveniencies I would choose to avoid.

Capt. Rook.—Inconveniencies! Not in the least by heaven! I should be so far from putting you to the blush by any mention of it, that I shall never think on't, and beg you would not yourself, any further than to remind you, that on all occasions my fortune is entirely at your service.

Lady Deuce.—The very words by which I was ensnared!

[*Aside.*]

Ara.—You are very polite.—But these are obligations, Captain, which a woman of honour ought not to receive, and therefore—

Capt. Rook.—Nay madam—I must not be refused—it will be doing the generous thing to me, in affording me an opportunity of winning back my own.—Revenge will give a keenness of play to us both.

Ara.—'Tis certain the cards can't run for ever against us.

Capt. Rook.—Impossible!

Ara.—Well, I'll even try my fortune once more.

Capt. Rook.——Command all mine. [*Exeunt.*

Lady Deuce comes forward.

Lady Deuce.—Monster! common betrayer of our sex! What scandalous methods will not men of fortune and family often take, so they afford them but variety of victims to their brutal inclinations! Arabella, too—with how much ease she swallowed the bait!—But this discovery was lucky.—Thank heaven! Revenge, that darling attribute of woman, is yet in my power. I'll to Sir John Medium this instant, and acquaint him with this conversation—Hah! He saves me the labour.

Enter Sir John Medium.

Sir John.—Is your ladyship going already?

Lady Deuce.—'Tis time, Sir John—I've lost all.

Sir John.—I'm sorry for it.—Is Arabella within?

Lady Deuce.—Yes, Sir John—She has lost too—But there is this difference between our ill luck; she has had the good fortune to have five hundred pieces offered her by Captain Rookwood to give her another chance; whereas it was not in my power to procure even twenty—You're going in, I suppose?

Sir John.—Yes, madam.—Offered her, did your ladyship say?

Lady Deuce.—I mean lent her.

Sir John.—Lent her?

Lady Deuce.—Yes, I tell you—Your servant.

[*Exit Lady Deuce.*

Sir John.—What an inadvertency! I will not, cannot call it by any other name; but I know not what time and such repeated obligations might not convert it to—I must break the neck of this kind of good offices—And a thought comes into my head, that will at once shew her the folly of accepting them, be a means perhaps of curing her of play, and thereby rendering her an object truly capable of making me happy.—For that reason I will not join them. Oh, here comes Sir Calculation. I may make him subservient to my design.

Enter Sir Calculation.

Sir Cal.—Well, how go matters here, Sir John? Lady Tenace sent to me just now in all haste, to know

know what were the odds of having one card out of any three certain cards, and I can tell her now. I have been in calculation ever since —'tis exactly—let me see—Pox! 'tis either two to five, or five to two. Has her ladyship been asking for me?

Sir John.—I can't tell.

Sir Cal.—How so?

Sir John.—Just as I was opening the door, I received a piece of news that obliges me to go immediately. But, I suppose, I shall see you by-and-by at Lord Stakeland's?

Sir Cal.—O gad, yes.—'Twould be cruel else—Poor Stakeland! 'tis his last night—He sets forward early in the morning to his banishment abroad. I pity him; but his father will have it so.

Sir John.—Does Arabella go?

Sir Cal.—Ay, ay—we must all go—I will step in and do what is not my custom—make them leave off play. Adieu. [*Goes in.*

Sir John.—*Jusqu' a tantot.*

[*Exit.*

To be continued.

THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

TUESDAY, JAN. 12.

THIS new drama is said to be the production of Mr. C. Kemble. The following are the principal characters:—

Sigismund .... Mr. C. Kemble.
Valdestein .... Mr. Pope.
Sparre .... Mr. Brunton.
Ramsay .... Mr. Fawcet.
Countess Valdestein.. Miss Smith.
Christina.................. Miss Norton.

THE PLOT.

The plot is as simple as it is improbable. Sigismund, a pretender to the throne of Sweden, having sustained a single defeat at Strangebow, flies, by accident, for refuge, to the castle of Count Valdestein, whose life he is said to have saved somewhere. The Count is absent; but his wife, touched by the distresses of the illustrious fugitive, gives him an asylum. Sparre, an officer attached to the royal party, and a lover of Christina, is also in the castle at the same time. Valdestein, having been shipwrecked on his return from Finland, loses his wardrobe, and takes up a temporary abode at the house of a fisherman on the coast, from whence he apprises the Countess of his forlorn situation.—When Sigismund and Sparre meet, the Countess dexterously avail herself of this circumstance to conceal the rank of her host, and imposes him on the latter for her husband. She is foiled in various attempts to procure his escape, and elude the vigilance of his pursuers, who environ the castle, under the idea that he is concealed among the rocks which surround it. In these Ramsay is the principal instrument. At length, Valdestein appears in the dress which he procured after his shipwreck, and, recognising Sigismund, saves his life, by avowing himself an impostor, and the assumer of a name to which he had no title.

This piece is said to be a translation from an unsuccessful one, brought out about three years since at Paris, the author of which was banished.

The house was crowded, and the play announced for a second representation with loud and reiterated applauses.

EARL

EARL GROSVENOR's STUD.

THE late Earl Grosvenor* commenced upon the turf in 1753, in which year his Lordship started a grey horse for the Wallasey Stakes in Cheshire; and in 1754, he started a bay filly and a bay horse at Chester; after which, his Lordship began to purchase blood horses, and was the owner of one of the most numerous and valuable studs of horses, &c. of any other nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom.

His Lordship regularly kept several stallions, and a very large number of brood mares, in his stud, and was the greatest breeder of racing stock of any gentleman in England. He was a great supporter of the turf, having nominated horses, &c. for upwards of forty years, for nearly all the great stakes at Newmarket, and engaging in numerous matches for considerable sums, in which he was very successful.

His Lordship also nominated for the Derby and Oaks'† Stakes at Epsom, and generally named three or four for each; he was likewise a liberal subscriber to the various stakes at York, Brighton, Lewes, Ascot, Doncaster, Stamford, &c. &c.

His Lordship was also a great supporter of the races in Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, &c. &c. and though it was supposed by many that the turf would suffer by his Lordship's death, the supposition was soon done away, by the succession of the present Earl and General Grosvenor.—It can with strict truth be said of the late Earl, that no one was more respected, or ever left the turf with greater honour.

The following is a correct list of his Lordship's Stud:—

Those marked [S.] were Stallions, and those [B.] were Brood Mares.

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
S. Bandy	Cade	Mr. Vane's Little Partner, by Partner, Greyhound, Makeless, Brimmer	1747
B. Miss Wilkinson	Regulus	Mr. Lodge's Roan Mare, by Partner	1747
B. Amelia	Ld Godolphin's Arabian	D. of Devonshire's Childers, Young True-Blue, the Cyprus Arabian, out of Bonny Black	1748
B. Lady Augusta	Mr. Hutton's Spot	Crab, out of Miss Jigg, (sister to Parner) by Jigg	1748
S. Trajan	Regulus	Duke of Devonshire's Black-legs, Mr. Smith's Son of Snake, Montague, Grey Hautboy	1748

* His Lordship was born in June, 1731, and died at Earl's Court, Kensington, August 5, 1802. He was the son of Sir Robert Grosvenor, of Belgrave, near Chester, whom he succeeded in 1755, and was the first Peer of his family, being created Baron Grosvenor in 1761, and Earl Grosvenor in 1784.

† The Oaks' Stakes first commenced in 1779, and the Derby Stakes in 1780.

Taste

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Taste	Black Chance	Alcides' dam, by the Duke of Bolton's Starling, Partner	1749
S. Romulus	Regulus	Cato's dam, by Partner	1750
B. Stately	Mogul (brother to Babram)	Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs, Bay Bolton, Coneyshins, Grey Barb	1750
Alderman	Regulus		1751
Theseus	Regulus		1751
Falstaff	Cade	Lightfoot's dam, by Bay Bolton	1752
Skeleton	Golden Ball		1752
Tweedle	Rib		1752
B. Daphne	Lord Godolphin's Arab.	Weasel's dam, by Fox, Childers, Makeless	1753
Dragon	Cade	Sister to Mr. Vane's Little Partner, by Partner	1753
Pintoes	Blaze		1753
Wildair	Babram		1753
Algebra	Cade	Shock	1754
Belford	Cade	Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Mr. Honywood's Arabian, Captain Byerley's Turk	1754
B. Fairy	Mr. Shepherd's Crab	Miss, by Lath, Childers, out of Miss Belvoir	1754
S. Panglos	Cade	Belford's dam	1755
Primrose	Regulus	Sedbury	1755
Raphael	Wolseley Barb	Trajan's dam, by Blacklegs	1755
B. Sally (Naylor's)	Blank	Ward, Merlin, Pert, St. Martin	1755
S. Boreas	Cade	Belford and Panglos's dam	1756
Honest Billy	Cade		1756
S. Kenton	Snip	Mr. Croft's Ladythigh, by Partner	1756
Leeds	Second	Duke of Bolton's Starling, out of a sister to Mr. Vane's Little Partner	1756
B. Alipes	Regulus	Lusty, by Locust, out of Pamela, by Orion, Young Greyhound	1757
B. Camilla	Cade	Coneywarren, by a son of Aleppo	1757
Creeper	Wolseley Barb	Bajazet	1757
B. Sybilla	Cade	Flylax's dam, by Crab, Fox	1757
B. Aurora	Regulus	Lusty (Alipes' dam) by Locust	1758
B. Eloisa	Regulus	Belford, Panglos and Boreas's dam	1758
S. Tripod	Blank	Blossom, (Cygnet's dam) by Crab, Childers	1758
Cowslip	Bandy	Patch Mare	1759
B. Miss Leeds	Snap	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1759
B. Snapdragon	Snap	Fribble's dam, by Regulus, Mr. Bartlet's Childers, out of the dam of the two True-Blues, by Captain Byerley's Turk	1759
Wilful	Trajan		1759
B. Bonduca	Bandy	Cygnet's dam, by Crab, Childers	1760

S. Car-

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in
S. CardinalPuff	Babram	Wasp, by Snip, out of Mr. Croft's Ladythigh, by Partner	1760
S. Cheshire Dick	Regulus	Locusta, by Locust, out of Pamela, the grandam of Alipes	1760
B. Curiosity	Snap	Snapdragon's dam, by Regulus	1760
S. Fop	Babram	Snap's dam, by Fox	1760
S. Gimcrack	Cripple	Miss Eliott, by Mr. Grisewood's Partner; grandam by Mr. Croft's Partner, Bloody Buttocks, Grey-hound, out of Brocklesby Betty	1760
Winnifred	Trajan	Stately, by Mogul	1760
B. Angelica	Snap	Fribble, Snapdragon, and Curiosity's dam, by Regulus	1761
Compromise	Snap		1761
B. Dairymaid	Bandy	Stately, by Mogul	1761
S. Dux	Match'em	Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Match-'em; grandam, Miss Slamerkin, (Bustard, Othello, and Oroono-ko's dam) by Young True-Blue	1761
Fireaway	Wolseley Barb	Sister to Mr Curzon's Cardinal, by Cade, Partner	1761
B. MissIngram	Regulus	Mr. Hale's Miss Doe, by Sedbury, out of Miss Mayes, by Mr. Bart-lett's Childers, Counsellor	1761
Osmar	Bajazet	Captain's dam, by the Duke of De-vonshire's Blacklegs	1761
Teddy	Snap	Bolton (a son of Sweepstakes)	1761
Valerius	Snap	Cade	1761
Count	Mr. Shafto's Barb		1762
Flash	Young Snip	Blameless's dam, by Partner	1762
B. Milkmaid	Bandy	Snip	1762
Nautilus	Blank	Whiteneck, by Crab, Lord Godol-phin's Arabian	1762
B. Riddle	Wolseley Barb	Lady Augusta, by Crab	1762
B. Y. Stately	Bandy	Stately, by Mogul	1762
Icarus	Snap	Mr. Naylor's Sally, by Blank	1762
Julia	Regulus		1763
Mouse	Trajan		1763
S. Pacolet*	Blank	Whiteneck, (Nautilus's dam) by Crab	1763
S. AncientPistol	Snap	Eloisa, by Regulus	1764
S. Bodfach	Tripod	Lady Augusta, by Spot	1764

* Pacolet was sold to William Garforth, Esq. and was rode for several years as a common hack; notwithstanding, he was sire of Faith, that bred Brilliant, Caroline, Dion, Marcia, Vesta, Grey Hambletonian Colt, &c.—He was also sire of the two good runners; viz. Mr. Garforth's Young Pacolet, and Mr. Gorwood's Citizen.—*See Pick's Turf Register.*

B. Folly

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Folly	Blank	Sister to Regulus, (Filch and Coquette's dam) by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1764
Grimalkin....	Snap.......	Louisa, by Babram..............	1764
B. Moonshine.	Regulus.....	Morwick-Ball's dam, by Traveller..	1764
S. Bay Halkin.	Bandy	Eloisa, by Regulus.............	1764
S. Chemist ..	Match'em....	Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Whitenose	1765
B. Grasshopper	Bandy	Alipes, by Regulus.............	1765
B. Lucretia ..	Locust	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus......	1765
Oberon	Mr. Shepherd's Crab	....	1765
Scholes	Whistlejacket	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade........	1765
B. Slap	Mr. Shepherd's Crab	Daphne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Fox, Childers	1765
Whirligig....	Captain......	Babram; grandam, (Charlotte and Doge's dam) by Crab..........	1765
Cervantes....	Sampson	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1766
Gemini	Bandy	Shakspeare, Cade	1766
S. Hengist ...	Blank	Fairy, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab....	1766
B. Lady Bolingbroke ..	Squirrel	Cypron, (King Herod's dam) by Blaze, out of Selima, by Mr. Bethell's Arabian	1766
Mandane	Ld Grosvenor's Arabian	Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Childers	1766
S. Euryalus ..	Ld Grosvenor's Arabian	Fairy, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab....	1767
B. Imogen ...	Belford......	Alipes, by Regulus	1767
B. Miss Timms	Match'em ...	Mr. Pratt's Squirt Mare, by Squirt, Mogul, out of Camilla, by Bay Bolton	1767
B. Nosegay ..	Snap	Flora, by Young Cade, out of Midge, by a son of Bay Bolton	1767
Piscator	Match'em....	Whitenose, Greyhound..........	1767
Scholasticus ..	Whistlejacket	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1767
B. Winnifred .	Bandy.......	Eloisa, by Regulus..............	1767
Alborac	Match'em....	Curiosity, by Snap.............	1768
B. Arminda..	Snap........	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus......	1768
B. Elfrida	Snap........	Miss Belsea, by Regulus.........	1768
B. Fair Rosamond	Mr. Shafto's Hunter	Fribble, (Snapdragon, Curiosity, and Angelica's dam) by Regulus....	1768
B. Flippanta..	Snap........	Miss Cranbourne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1768
B. Flora	Squirrel......	Angelica, by Snap	1768
Fotz	Boreas	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus......	1768
S. Mambrino.	Engineer.....	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade; grandam by the Duke of Bolton's Little John, out of Favourite, by a Son of the Bald Galloway.........	1768

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Merliton	Snap	Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Young Belgrade	1768
B. Milliner	Match'em	Cassandra, by Blank, out of a sister to Snip and Second, by Childers, Basto	1768
B. Mopsqueez-er	Match'em	Lady, by Mr. C. Turner's Sweepstakes, out of Syphon's dam, by Patriot, Crab, Bay Bolton	1768
Mungo	Engineer	Locust, Cade, out of Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound	1768
Sir David Gam	Ld Grosvenor's Arabian	Eloisa, by Regulus	1768
Stoic	Saanah Arabian	Oroonoko, out of Mirza's sister, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1768
S. Sweetwilliam	Syphon	Sister to Twigg, by Cade, out of Madam, by Bloody-Buttocks, Partner	1768
Don Dun	Brilliant	Regulus Tartar, by Regulus	1769
S. Evergreen	King Herod	Angelica, by Snap	1769
Mahomet	Snap	Miss Belsea, by Regulus	1769
Mecca	Ld Grosvenor's Arabian		1769
B. Minx	Match'em	Regulus Crimp, by Regulus	1769
S. Morwick	Match'em	Morwick-Ball's dam, by Traveller	1769
B. Papillon	Snap	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1769
B. Pigeon	Match'em	Duke of Ancaster's Starling, out of Look-at-me-Lads, by Grasshopper	1769
B. Rarity	Match'em	Snapdragon, by Snap	1769
S. Sweetbriar	Syphon	Shakspeare; grandam, Miss Meredith, by Cade, out of Mr. Hartley's Little Mare, by Mr. Bartley's Childers	1769
Anabaptist	Dux	Sprite, by Blank, out of Fancy, by Goliah	1770
Bathsheba	Panglos	Lady Augusta, by Spot	1770
Firebrass	Dux	Jet, by Black-and-All-Black	1770
B. Fly	Ld Grosvenor's Arabian	Sister to Bajazet, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1770
Gilkicker	Dainty-Davy	Snapdragon, by Snap	1770
B. Maiden*	Match'em	Mr. Pratt's Squirt Mare	1770

* At Newmarket, in April, 1774, Mr. Pratt sold Maiden to Lord Grosvenor, to race for two years.—After which, Mr. Pratt raced her till April, 1778, when she was covered by King Herod, and in 1779, she produced the dam of Precipitate, Gohanna, &c.—She also ran at York, in August, 1778.—She was also the dam of Challenger, Leveret, Matron, Young Maiden, Walnut, &c.; Leveret was the dam of Lilliput, &c. and Matron was the dam of Sir Solomon, &c.

Mexico

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Mexico	Snap	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em, out of Miss Middleton, by Regulus	1770
B. MissSkeggs	Match'em	Regulus out of Cypron, the dam of King Herod, &c.	1770
S. Protector	Match'em	Cypron, (King Herod's dam) by Blaze, out of Selima, by Mr. Bethell's Arabian, Græm's Champion	1770
B. RoanMare, (dam of Fidget, &c.)	Match'em	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1770
Stephano	Belford	Lucretia, by Locust	1770
Bacchanal	Squirrel	Mr. Shepherd's Crab, Blank	1771
Barbary	Panglos	Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb	1771
B. Bay Mare, dam of Dart and Test	Dux	Folly, by Blank	1771
Civil Will	Dux	Grey Cade, by Cade, Snip	1771
Deucalion	Match'em	Lady, the dam of Mopsqueezer	1771
Glimpse	Dux	Slap, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab	1771
Indian	Snap	Match'em	1771
Laurel	Dux	Bonduca, by Bandy	1771
B. Miriam	Snap	Miss Cape, by Regulus	1771
Petton, afterwards Manchester	Dux	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1771
Squirrel	Squirrel	Angelica's dam, by Regulus	1771
Twig'em	Twig	Sod's dam, by Blaze, Mogul	1771
B. Ursula	Snap	Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1771
Allfours	Mr. Barry's All-fours	Young Marsk's dam, by Blank	1772
B. Cypher	Squirrel	Angelica's dam, by Regulus	1772
Little Gim	Gimcrack	Eloisa, by Regulus	1772
B. Middlesex	Snap	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1772
Phaeton	Gimcrack	Moonshine, by Regulus	1772
Scramble	Gimcrack	Miss Ingram, by Regulus	1772
B. Selima	Lord Ossory's Arabian	Snapdragon, by Snap	1772
B. Sweetheart	Eclipse	Bonduca, by Bandy	1772
Y. Pantaloon	Match'em	Curiosity by Snap	1772
BrothertoMop-squeezer	Match'em	Lady, the dam of Deucalion, &c.	1773
Grey Robin*	Gimcrack	Snapdragon, by Snap	1773

* At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1777, Grey Robin won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, p. p. (56 subscribers) Beacon Course, beating Prince, Pot8o's, Rebel, Tremamondo, Dictator, and 13 others.—This was the greatest Stakes ever run for.

To be continued.

THE PTARMIGAN, OR WHITE GROUSE.

AN ENGRAVING.

Drawn from a preserved bird of this species, in the possession of Mr. Thompson, whose communications to this Magazine have been frequent and interesting.

THE Ptarmigan, or White Grouse, is found in great plenty among the hills of Norway, but in England very seldom to be met with; to the highlands of Scotland, indeed, they are no strangers, and the Duke of Athol has to boast of their covies in the proper season on many parts of his estate. They are also found, but not so plentiful, on the Morvan hills, so celebrated in the sublime songs of Ossian. Instances may be produced, to shew that this bird has been found in Westmoreland, and on the mountains about the Lakes; but being by nature particularly shy, and of course difficult to come at, the Sportsman, in the pursuit, finds as little profit as pleasure. The Ptarmigan is a most delicious dainty; its flesh has a rich flavour, which no other game bird (if we may credit the epicure) possesses.

In Norway, the Ptarmigan is in colour like the snow, and most difficult to distinguish: in Scotland they differ; the white is agreeably interspersed with spots of a pale red, and their legs are covered with feathers to the heels, like the Bantam cock. They breed in the inaccessible parts of mountains, and when their young have strength of wing, they are led forth by the parent bird to the lesser hills and wide-extended heaths, and places seldom visited by the foot of man. Among the heaths, is found the food they most delight in. In size, they differ very little from the Grouse of our own country: I have heard it asserted that in Scotland they have been shot as large as barn-door fowls; but this is report, and the fact must be settled by experience.

AN ESSAY ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF HORSES.

THE horse, in every part of the universe where it is known, has been duly considered as one of the most useful animals that Providence has ordained to assist man, in the useful purposes of human society. Whenever this noble animal is maltreated, it is a sufficient indication of the barbarism of the inhabitants, if they do not take measures to counteract the *cowardly cruelty*: for what species of action can be more despicable, than to exercise the harshness of our disposition upon a generous creature, who is always ready to assist our wants, and who is incapable of resisting the inflictions of a brutal spirit, or reporting the savage process of his unfeeling tyrant!

It is well known that the Arab tribes, however untutored and wild in other respects, never use their horses unkindly: they properly and naturally consider them as their best animal friends, and possess a sympathy towards them which totally disarms their nature of those unfeeling propensities, which so frequently degrade the Christian character in Europe!—The benevolent author of "The Studies of Nature," relates the following anecdote: "The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the desert, consisted of a beautiful

Ptarmigan or White Grouse.

Published by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, Feby. 1. 1808.

a beautiful mare: this the French Consul, as said, offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The Consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, sent immediately to the Arab the information. The man, so poor as to possess only a miserable rag as a covering for his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, and looking first at the gold, and then stedfastly at his mare, heaved a deep sigh—"To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? to Europeans! who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! return with me, my beauty, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight almost in a moment.

What an amiable and affecting sensibility in a man, who, in the midst of distress, could prefer all the disasters attendant on poverty, rather than surrender the animal that he had long fostered in his tent, and had been, as it were, the child of his bosom, to what he supposed, inevitable slavery and misery! The temptation even of riches, and an effectual relief from poverty, had not sufficient allurements to induce him to so cruel an act, as he deemed it, of resigning his useful *animal friend*, to the probable chances of a course of barbarous usage.

Though endowed with vast strength and great powers, such is the disposition of the horse, that it rarely exerts either to its master's prejudice: on the contrary, it will endure fatigues, even to death, for our advantage. Providence seems to have implanted in him a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, with, at the same time, a certain consciousness of the services we can render him. We have, however, one instance of recollection of injury, and an attempt to avenge it. This is inserted in a work of D. Rolle, Esq. of Torrington, in Devonshire.—A Baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him: after a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode him furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The Baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him, and, had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

There is a sporting anecdote, on record, which savours more of cruelty than policy: a gentleman (if such a person deserves that title) had engaged to run his horse against another for a considerable sum. The challenge was public, and signified that the possessor of a gelding would run his beast against any other of the same description, for a considerable sum, being persuaded, that no known gelding in England was able to cope with his:—The person alluded to had a stallion of matchless spirit and speed, and accepted the challenge for a very

very large sum: when the time for starting had arrived, he ordered the noble animal to be produced, and savagely commanded that his genitals should be cut away, in the moment that the jockey mounted: the brutal order was obeyed, and the noble animal won the bet, in this state of bleeding deprivation, but dropped down dead immediately after, at the feet of his unfeeling master. We have a law enforced in our courts of justice, enacting, that persons of a certain description shall not be admitted to sit as jurors during the trial of a criminal; from a supposition that their feelings may have been blunted from too frequent an intercourse with scenes of blood; and, without calling in question the wisdom or efficacy of this interdiction, we will presume to add, that the perpetrator of wanton acts of barbarity, like that we have been relating, should not merely be excluded from the jury bench, but from every social circle where Christianity formed the basis of moral thought, and the practice of mercy be expected, as the indispensible result of such a principle of ethical goodness.

We remember to have seen a carman some years since, who was lashing two horses up the acclivity of a street that leads from Thames-street to Tower-street; his cart was laden with hogsheads of tobacco, so heavily, that it became impossible for the generous, ductile creatures to proceed with their load; which so exasperated their more brutal driver, that he lashed the agonised animals on the tenderest parts of the anatomy, without cessation, for some time, without any reference to the impracticability of their agency. He had struck the suffering creatures several times in their eyes with the butt end of his whip, uttering the most horrid imprecations; when some humane passengers interfered, and their remonstrances being answered with ferocious insolence, a scuffle ensued, in which the hardened ruffian proved himself to be as cowardly, when opposed to a man, as he was cruel, when lacerating an unoffending patient beast, for not doing that which he had not the ability to perform.

Not many years since, a similar miscreant was tried at the Old Bailey for tearing out the tongue of a horse, in a fit of senseless rage, and was punished as he merited.—Innumerable instances might be adduced, illustrative of the cruelty of drivers towards this very useful animal; but we shall stop here, in the full hope, that those who may peruse this limited essay will be convinced, on reflection, of the necessity there is to be kind towards horses, at least so far as may be consistent with personal safety, and the convenience of society; and if our feeble endeavours can produce an effect of this tendency we shall be doubly gratified, inasmuch as it will be advantageous both to the horse and his proprietor, by making the first more willing and serviceable, and the other more happy and prosperous. W.

EXERCISES FOR WAGERS.

FROM the many wagers, which have been lately contended for by feats of personal dexterity and strength, it may be hoped, that a fashion is about to arise more creditable for our manhood and humanity than that which finds pleasure, or fame, in exorbitant exertions,

tions, wrung from the animals, whose usefulness, if there were no other claim, entitles them to our protection.

Upon a comparison of merits between him who achieves something by his own faculties, and him who merely provides another animal for some achievement, we readily enough perceive the difference between them. In the first case, the risk, if any, is encountered by the creature who is to receive the reward; and the pain, or distress, of the performance is endured by a thinking being, acting upon his own motives, and, of course, doing himself no more harm than he consents to. Cruelty is thus put out of the question. At the same time a good deal that is meritorious is left in it, even though the exercise should be one chiefly of the animal faculties; for it is known, that a free enjoyment of these faculties has a beneficial influence upon the temper, and, although one would not insist upon any very strict criterion arising out of them, it is certain, that men and other animals who have, or have had, in their prime of life, the most bodily power, are seldom deficient in good-nature. There is, perhaps, a kind of dignity, though certainly not the highest, which accompanies the consciousness of such power. On the other hand, what are we to say of the man, who merely speculates upon the faculties of some animals which may be at his command? If there be no cruelty in the case he deserves no blame, and this is the best that can be said of him. But in nine cases out of ten there is cruelty; and in all matches for running horses against *time*, or even against each other, if for more than a few minutes, there is more or less of cruelty, and generally a dreadful degree of it. The *heat* of the true sportsman should be the measure of all such matches. It is very seldom that this is exceeded, without giving more pain to a noble animal than we can have a right to inflict, either for profit or amusement. How is it possible that any such inflictions can make a man proud? Suppose his horse to have won twenty matches against time, each more difficult than the former, what can he boast? After allowing that he may have innocently, by training, improved the speed of his horse, it is then to be added, that he has had the cruelty to force a generous animal through such exertions as it was not believed any torture could wring from him. Such is the only *praise* to which a wretch of that sort is entitled.

This is no cant against recreations and amusements; it is a mere recommendation of those, which hurt none, and fairly gratify those who excel in them, or witness them, instead of those which are generally cruel, and never can exhibit one valuable quality in the practisers of them. As these must and ought to be out-of-door amusements, we shall gladly record any instances of fair activity and strength in them; such an instance, among others, as those of which Captain B. and Lieut. H. afford examples. Cricket, rowing, tennis, are all good exercises. In short, any thing is good, which promotes manhood, without exciting ferocity. Boxing matches have some tendency indeed to the latter, and are further blameable for the profligacy and the waste of time and money they occasion in the lower classes; but there is not in twenty boxing matches so much cruelty, as in one horse race against *time*, one cock-fight, or one of that most contemptible of all cruelties, a match at *pigeon shooting*.

ALPHA.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1807.

Continued from Page 133 of our last Number.

By GAY.

Years Old. *No. of Prizes.*

a. YOU-KNOW-ME, Duke of Richmond's, 70gs at Goodwood, and 100gs at Lewes 2

By GLAUCUS (aged 21).

7 Glaucides, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs at Holywell-Hunt 1
— Pembedw, Mr. Townshend's, 100gs at Chester 1

By GOHANNA (aged 17).

3 Bay Colt, (out of Trumpetta) Mr. Trevanion's, 50l. at Lewes 1
3 Brighton, Lord Egremont's, 110gs at Brighton; Mr. Fermor's, 100gs at Lewes 2
4 Canopus, Lord Egremont's, 60gs at Goodwood; 200gs at Brighton; the Gold Cup value 100gs, with 90gs in specie, and 75gs, at Egham; Mr. Wyndham's, the King's Plate, 171l. 10s. and 100gs, at Newmarket 7
5 Cardinal Beaufort, Mr. Arthur's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Lloyd's, 75gs at Newmarket 2
5 Cerberus, Mr. Fermor's, 50l. at Epsom; twice 50l. at Ascot-Heath; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs in specie, at Winchester; 400gs and 500gs at Newmarket 6
3 Coriolanus, Mr. Lake's, 100gs at Brighton 1
3 Corsican Fairy, (late Mouse) Lord Egremont's, the Magna Charta Stakes of 200gs at Egham; Mr. Wyndham's, 500gs and 200gs at Newmarket 3
3 Election, Lord Egremont's, the Derby Stakes of 1175gs at Epsom 1
4 Hedley, Mr. Howorth's, 100gsat Newmarket 1
2 Quail, Lord Egremont's, 150gs at Brighton, and 170gs at Epsom 2
4 Trafalgar, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 1000gs and 500gs at York Spring Meeting 2
4 Wretch, Mr. Arthur's, 50gs and 40gs at Newmarket 2

By GOUTY (aged 11).

3 Bay Filly, Mr. Hyde's, 50l. at Canterbury 1
4 Canterbury, Mr. Hyde's, 50l. at Canterbury 1
5 Gaiety, Mr. Lake's, 165gs at Ascot-Heath 1
4 Humility, Mr. Lake's, 90gs at Ascot-Heath 1
3 Nymphina, Mr. Lake's, 100gs at Ascot-Heath, and 89gs at Newmarket 2

By GRIFFIN (aged 17, a Son of DUNGANNON).

— Br. Horse, Mr. Richardson's, 60gs at Beverley, and 70gs at Lincoln 2

By GROG, (aged 21).

— Dust-O! Mr. Peach's, 100gs at Blandford 1

By GROUSE (aged 17).

5 Farce, Mr. Price's, 80gs at Tré-Madock 1

3 Fawn,

Years Old. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Fawn, Duke of Grafton's, 250gs and 200gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelley's, 25gs at Newmarket; Mr Payne's, 100gs at Newmarket 4

4 Forester, D. of Grafton's, 90gs at Newmarket 1

By GUILDFORD (aged 15).

3 Corsican, Mr. Ladbroke's, 25gs at Epsom, 50l. at Oxford, 140gs at Egham, and 50l. at Bedford 4

By HAMBLETONIAN (aged 15).

3 Bay Colt, (dam by Walnut) Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Newton .. 1

3 Br. Filly, (dam by Trumpator) Mr. Mellish's, 100gs at York Spring Meeting 1

3 Br. Filly, (out of Constantia) Sir W. Gerard's, 100gs at Knutsford 1

3 Br. Filly, (out of Lady Sarah) Sir H. T. Vane's, 200gs at York Spring Meeting 1

3 Ches. Colt, (dam by Buzzard) Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 600gs at Ascot-Heath 1

4 Have-at-'em, General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1

3 Rigdumfunnidus, Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Shrewsbury 1

4 St. Domingo, Lord Stamford's, 50l. at Bridgenorth, 90gs and 50l. at Worcester, 50l. at Hereford, and 50l. at Warwick 5

5 Sir Andrew, Mr. Johnson's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, at Nottingham; 50l. at Derby, and the King's Plate at Litchfield 3

4 Smuggler, Mr. Wilson's, 900gs and 50gs at Newmarket; and 800gs at York August Meeting 3

5 Timekeeper, Mr. Worral's, 25gs at Maddington, 310gs and 50gs at Bibury 3

By HAMMER (dead).

7 Bright Phœbus, Mr. Burton's, twice 50gs at Beverley; Hon. Mr. Hawke's, 100gs at York August Meeting 3

By HARLEQUIN (son of AMARANTHUS).

— Ches. Gelding, Mr. Lakeland's, 65gs at Northallerton 1

By HELMET.

5 Gleaner, Mr. Wynne's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry 1

By HIGHLAND-FLING (aged 9).

2 Highland-Lass, Mr. Emden's, 80gs at Ascot-Heath 1

By HIGHOVER.

4 Hector, Lord Darlington's, 50gs at Newmarket, 200gs at Brighton 2

By HUBY (aged 19; sold into Russia).

9 Driver, Mr. S. Duncombe's, 100gs at Burton-Hunt, Lincoln Course 1

By HYACINTHUS (aged 10).

3 Bay Colt, (dam by Foxhunter) Mr. Morley's, 70gs at Catterick-Bridge 1

3 Buckler, Mr. Day's, 50l. at Exeter 1

3 Ranger, Mr Bell's, the Ladies' Plate at Newcastle; Mr. Nalton's, 50l. at Carlisle, and 50l. at Dumfries 3

Years Old. *No. of Prizes.*

By HYPERION (aged 14).

3 Palermo, Lord Boringdon's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath................ 1

By JOE ANDREWS (dead).

5 Bay Gelding, Mr. Townroe's, 50gs at Pontefract.............. 1

By JOHN BULL (aged 18).

8 Captain Absolute, Lord Foley's, 50l. at Newmarket............ 1

— Columbus, Mr. Haytor's, 55gs at Southampton.............. 1

6 Enterprise, Mr. Howorth's, 200gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; 150gs at Bibury; Lord Jersey's, 50l. at Bibury; Mr. Howorth's, 100gs at Bibury................................ 6

3 Ferdinand, Mr. Payne's, 181l. 10s. 200gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket.. 4

3 Job Thornberry, Lord F. Bentinck's, 100gs, 50l. and twice 100gs at Newmarket.................................. 4

4 Juno, Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Warwick..................... 1

4 Tudor, Mr. Payne's, 100gs at Newmarket.................... 1

5 Violante, Lord Grosvenor's, 325gs, 200gs, 450gs, 200gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 80gs, at Newmarket......................... 7

By JOHNNY (aged 13).

3 Master Jackey, Mr. Durand's, 130gs at Epsom; 105gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs in specie, at Ascot-Heath; Mr. Ladbroke's, 90gs at Abingdon, and 125gs at Newmarket.. 5

By LAUREL.

— Creeping Jenny, Captain Poole's, 50gs at Lewes............... 1

By LOP (aged 16).

3 Woodcutter, Mr. Northey's, 200gs and 50gs at Newmarket...... 2

By MAGIC (aged 13, sold into Russia).

5 Mountaineer, Mr. Goddard's, 50gs and 30gs at Newmarket; 50l. at Winchester; 200gs at Kingscote; and 50l. at Tewkesbury.. 5

By MARSK (Mr. Richardson's, aged 15).

4. Newton, Mr. Astley's, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. at Newton, and twice 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire................... 4

By METEOR (aged 24).

5 Aladdin, Mr. Price's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry...... 1

4 General Benningsen, Sir W. W. Wynne's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, 50l. and the Silver Cup value 50l. at Chester; 80l. at Manchester, a Piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. and 125gs, at Tré-Madoc.. 6

5 Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, 375gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, and 90gs at Stamford; also 100gs, and 310gs at Newmarket................ 6

3 Musidora, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket.............. 1

By Mr. TEAZLE (aged 14).

3 Colt, Mr. J. Legh's, 100gs at Newton.......................1

8 Pic Nic, Mr. Gage's, 50l. at Goodwood; Mr. Blachford's, 25gs at Bibury.. 2

3 Volumnia, Mr. Lake's, 35gs at Lewes, 50gs at Newmarket...... 2

To be continued.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Young Lady of family, who intends marrying a gentleman in trade, a few days ago said to a female friend, who disapproved of the match, as too degrading—"I hope you will persuade your relations in London to deal with me."—"Yes," replied the other, "my relations shall *deal*, and I will *cut* with you."

An author in the country wrote to his friend in town a few days ago, that he had hit on the plan of a periodical work which the *Spectator* had never seen—the *Tatler* never blabbed—was never confided to the *Guardian*—which the *Rambler* missed, and the *Idler* was too lazy to think of.

As some gentlemen were dining one day at a tavern on roast beef, one of them observed, "that the Irish made more bulls than any other nation:" an Irishman, standing by, replied, "And by J—s, the English *swallow* more."

The Hon. Henry Erskine is as distinguished for that species of wit called punning, as George Selwyn was formerly in England.—"*Punning* is the *lowest* sort of wit," said a gentleman to him one day; "It is so," said he, "and is therefore the *foundation* of all wit!"

A wag asked an undertaker, if ever he made any *grottoes?*—"Grottoes! (cried the undertaker) What the D—l should I have to do with such things?"—"I thought you might (replied the wit); they are all in your way, who deal so largely in *shells*."

One of our ladies recently raised to the higher *walks* on the *stage of life*, in preparing the various arrangements of her new rank, is said not to have forgotten the taking of a suitable *pew* in a fashionable chapel. Habit, second only to nature, will prevail. A well-dressed Knight of the Rainbow came, as the story goes, "to *order a box*" for her *Ladyship;* and, if that could not be obtained, "*three seats* in a *front row*." Her Ladyship, it is added, was obliged to put up with the *gallery*.

Modern Dramas.—The following letter was written a few days ago, from a lady in town to her friend in the country:—

"*Dear Mary*—As you are fond of Theatricals, I hasten to tell you, that a new play is to be brought out one of these nights, at one of the Theatres. If you do not hasten to town, you'll not *overtake* it *alive!*—Your's, &c. M. C."

Two portraits are advertised of the Game Chicken and Gulley: with great propriety, they are described to be *striking likenesses*.

A late number of the New South Wales Gazette, contains the following curious paragraph:—

"Last Monday, a fine *goat*, with *cart* and *harness*, was purchased for the sum of eight pounds, having the same morning drawn ten bushels of wheat from Prospect Hill

Hill to the wharf at Paramatta, a distance of seven miles. The creature is acknowledged to be well broke in for draught, and the present owner will, in all probability, accustom him to the saddle!"

WOMEN.

THE cautious fool is frightened but to find
A female gifted with a spark of mind;
The dart of wit oppos'd to folly's shield,
Compels him trembling from the routed field.
He seeks for those, if such there well can be,
Beneath him sunk in folly one degree;
That women should be fools you seem to think,
Like purblind owls on reason's sunshine blink!
Perhaps with justice you this creed advance—
Had women wit, puppies could stand no chance. KATE.

IN consequence of the late suit in Chancery relating to Drury-lane Theatre, a number of writers were employed, who used to sit daily in the office of the solicitor; and in order that two or more might write from one draft copy, it was usual for the writer, who had it before him, to read it aloud. These men, of course, were far from illiterate, but the dictator on one of these occasions, either from want of knowing better or inadvertence, coming to the word *pusillanimous*, pronounced it *poo-silla-mouse*, which Mr. Sheridan hearing, (who was frequently present on these occasions) in rather an ill-natured manner asked the transcriber, what he had been bred to? his answer was, "writing for the law;" at which the Treasurer expressed his surprise, that he should not know better how to pronounce so common a word as pusillanimous; "Sir," said the man rather bluntly, "I am neither actor, orator, nor author, but only a transcriber; and though I generally understand the meaning of what I write, I have never yet had sufficient leisure to study *Sheridan's Dictionary*."

A COACHMAN having taken an unwelcome fare, and being told to "drive to Covent-Garden Theatre, and *set down* in Bow-street," expressed his fear that he should have to *take them up* THERE for his money.

THE Power of Music.—A fiddler, returning from a merry meeting between Alston and Harwood in Teesdale, in the stormy night of the 20th ult. took shelter in a low out-house on Alston Moor, which was so overblown with the snow that he could not get out, nor did any part of the house appear; and here he must have perished, had not some shepherds, who were seeking their sheep, discovered him by the sound of his fiddle under the snow, his playing on which was unquestionably the means of saving his life.

THE bigamist, who was sent to the hulks the other day, in order to be transported, complains that he has been too severely dealt with, for an offence which carries *its own punishment* along with it.

FORMERLY, it was not in the power of Porter Brewers to raise the price of their commodity without applying to Parliament, though latterly this legal mode has been dispensed with. In the early part of the reign of his present Majesty, when porter was raised from threepence to threepence halfpenny a pot, the people thought they were much imposed on, and among the lower orders it occasioned a considerable

derable degree of *fermentation*, particularly on those nights the King went to the theatre, when the gods in the galleries were generally very vociferous. It seems on some occasions the managers of the play-houses took part with the mob, as in a dramatic spectacle a farmer was introduced, speaking thus to his labourers:—"Well, my lads, as you have worked well to-day, here's a shilling for a gallon of porter to drink my health."—One of the men stepped forward, took the shilling, thanked his master, and pretended to go for the beer, but presently returned, saying, they would not let him have a gallon of porter without two-pence more. "What!" said the farmer, "*fourteen-pence* a gallon for porter! where did you go to get it?" "I went," answered the labourer, "to the sign of *King George the* THIRD, and they said it was raised, and they could take no less." "If that be the case," replied the farmer, "you had better go back to *King George the* SECOND; it is well known that in *his* reign, porter could always be had for *three-pence a pot*."—This occasioned such a shout of acclamation, that the performance was delayed for some minutes; and his Majesty clearly perceived how obnoxious this additional duty on porter was generally considered.

ANECDOTE.—A country clergyman, who, in the matrimonial lottery, had drawn much worse than a blank, and without the patience of Socrates had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the middle of a curtain lecture by the arrival of a pair, requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor Priest, actuated at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book, and began, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," &c. repeating the funeral service. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir! Sir! you mistake; I came here to be married, not to be buried!"—"Well!" replied the clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you: but believe me, my friend, you had *better be buried!*"

A MOVING PIECE.—The organist of a church in one of the midland counties, who had, in the course of many years service, made all the congregation perfectly well acquainted not only with his *manner* of playing, but also with the *pieces* which he played, was, on occasion, requested by two or three of the principal parishioners to allow a brother professor (of the *modern* school) to officiate for him the following Sunday.—The request was complied with.—The congregation were delighted wish the stranger's performance during the service; and, at the conclusion, the *Vale* appeared to attract their attention still more particularly, and very few of them seemed inclined to leave the church. The old gentleman, who was also in the organ gallery, grew uneasy at this; he had not been accustomed to such attendance. In short, he grew quite peevish; and, pushing the stranger from his seat, (while he exclaimed, "Sir, they will never go away whilst *you* play—I will give them a *moving piece*") he 'clapt his pats' upon the keys, and the loiterers were off in *tempo allegro*, before he had played five bars.

HODGE

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

WITH a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that,
Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rosinante,
In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
Was a little alarm'd, out of fear for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones.
"Hip! friend," cried the Doctor, with no little force,
"Do set down your barrow — you'll frighten my horse."
Hodge quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,
"You're a curs'd deal more likely to *frighten my barrow.*"

A NEW Institution of a *library, reading rooms,* &c. in Coram-street, to be called the Russell Rooms, has been resolved upon by the lettered opulence of that neighbourhood. Mr. *Scarlet* being in the chair, an *old* punster remarked, that the last circumstance was highly favourable to the character of a *literary institution,* Mr. *Scarlet* having been always allowed to be the deepest *red* man in his profession.

A NEW Tragedy, in which Garrick was a principal performer, was presented to the public in the year 1775, the first, second, third, and fourth acts of which were received without any marks of disapprobation, and with occasional applause. The poor author, in the utmost agitation, alternately swayed by hope and fear, eagerly enquired of the actors if they thought his piece would succeed; and, at the commencement of the fifth act, requested Mr. Garrick's opinion, who told him, he could see no reason why it should not pass, as so far it had proceeded unmolested; but yet he hardly knew what to think, for he had observed in the pit, during the whole performance, *a d—d surly-looking old fellow,* with his chin resting on his walking stick, who eyed him with a stare of malignity every time he appeared on the stage, and he feared this boded no good.

"Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from little things!"

The last scene of the fifth act was now presented, when Garrick, who in the play personated a king retiring from regal dignity, and without a male successor, addressed himself in the following words to the two princesses:

"To you, my daughters, I resign my crown."

Which was scarcely delivered, when the man in the pit with the malignant aspect, jumping on his seat, vociferated, "Just HALF *a Crown* a piece, by G—d!" This convulsed the audience with bursts of laughter; and the confusion became so great, that in spite of the utmost exertions of the actors to give it out for a second representation, the play was damned.

THE following epitaph is inscribed upon a stone in a church-yard in Herefordshire:—

HERE rests my *wife*—no pair through life
So *equal* liv'd as—we did:
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I *rest*—till she did.

THE barbers in the metropolis, by raising the price of *shaving,* caused a deal of *bloodshed,* several of their customers having attempted to shave themselves.

FARM-

FARMING AND FOX-HUNTING.

THE two following letters will be read and judged of by our readers in their own way.—We recollect an instance of a Leicestershire gentleman, who liberally consented to allow his tenants a compensation, for any injury done to their crops, &c. by fox-hunters; he nevertheless, as a lover of the sport, permitted no farmer to hold under him, that shewed a refractory spirit in hostility to his favourite manly diversion of fox-hunting.

To the Editor of the Hampshire Chronicle.

SIR,—I am a farmer in extensive business, and unfortunately situated in the hunt of a large pack of fox-hounds, which are generally accompanied by a numerous train of horsemen. I call it unfortunate, because I am continually injured by them; namely, they leave open my gates, beat down my hedges, and tread my corn in the dirt; in short, they pay no regard to the injury they do me. Would you believe it, Sir, I have often known ten or fifteen horsemen gallop through a field of wheat, immediately after a large fall of rain, when they might have easily passed on either side of it without doing the smallest injury. What can such gentlemen think? Surely they cannot be insensible at such a time that they are doing an injury; if they are, they must be insensible indeed. Nor can they, I presume, be so weak as to think farmers' crops grow spontaneously, like the sea weed, without trouble or expence. Mine, I must tell them, is quite the reverse. I rent my land at an exorbitant price, cultivate it at great labour and expence, and use every effort to make my crops productive; and then to have them regardlessly trodden in the dirt, is a grievance too great to be suffered.

If you will be so kind, Sir, as to give these my complaints a place in your paper, possibly it may do some good, and, among many others, you will particularly oblige your's,

A CONSTANT READER.

Hambledon, Jan. 9, 1808.

To the Editor of the Hampshire Chronicle.

Sir,—I beg to offer a few words in reply to your correspondent of last week, who signs himself "A Constant Reader."—I, too, am a farmer. I have, for a number of years, had in my occupation 2000 acres of land (the greatest part of which is strong wheat land); I have been also in the constant habit of valuing crops, at different periods of the year and of all kinds of land, and I never had the smallest reason to consider fox-hunting as spoiling the corn at any time of the regular hunting season. I should rather fear, if there be a failure in your correspondent's crop, that it is more the consequence of improper management, than from injury occasioned by fox-hunters. The sport of fox-hunting has been handed down to us from our hardy ancestors, and I trust it will be continued by Englishmen, (who are qualified for it) as a healthy and manly pursuit. Intelligent farmers have always encouraged this sport; and your correspondent, when he has more experience, will, I dare, cease to make querulous objections to its exercise.

A Friend to Farming and Fox-Hunting.

Winchester, Jan. 1808.

THE

THE EARL OF ELGIN AND MR. FERGUSSON.

TRIAL FOR CRIM CON.

TUESDAY the 22d ult. in the Sheriff's Court, Lord Elgin *v.* Fergusson.—The inquisition of damages in the action brought against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plantiff's wife, came on to be assessed this day, before Mr. Burchell, the Under Sheriff, and a special Jury. Mr. Garrow, as leading counsel for the plaintiff, stated to the jury the circumstances of the case: his Lordship intermarried with his lady in Scotland in the year 1799, and soon afterwards was appointed to the embassy to Constantinople, where his Lordship resided until the year 1803. At that time he was on his return to Europe, and passing through France, was, in common with other Englishmen, arrested by the order of the government. The defendant, Mr. Fergusson, was also at that time in France, and was one of the persons detained by the French government. Similarity of fortune united the persons thus circumstanced in a greater degree of intimacy. Lord Elgin and the defendant became very intimate. He was received as the most welcome visitant at his Lordship's house, but unfortunately, he availed himself of that intimacy, to injure his unsuspecting friend in the tenderest part. Mr. Fergusson obtained his liberation from France much earlier than Lord Elgin. Her Ladyship continued with him until the year 1805, when she came to England, to endeavour to procure his Lordship's liberation, in which Mr. Fergusson appeared to lend his most cordial assistance; and, in fact, many of the letters written to Lord Elgin upon that subject, were written from them both. At length, the French government agreed to accept General Boyer in exchange for Lord Elgin, and his Lordship returned to England in April, 1806. While her Ladyship had been in England there was reason to believe that her affections from her husband had been totally alienated. Whilst he was thus agitated to discover from what cause this conduct of his wife could arise, a letter by chance fell into his hands, directed in a coarse hand for "*Me Laidi Elgin.*" On opening the envelope, he was astonished to find a letter from the defendant, couched in such passionate language, as left no doubt of the dishonour which had been imposed upon him. The Sheriff having summed up the evidence at considerable length, made such observations as occurred to him upon it. The jury retired for about a quarter of an hour, and on their re-appearance, gave a verdict for plaintiff, damages, 10,000l.

TO DESTROY WEASELS.

WEASELS, though in some respects beneficial, inasmuch as (when domesticated) they destroy rats, mice, moles, and other noxious vermin, are nevertheless, in a wild state, formidable foes to poultry and rabbits: they may be destroyed by putting in their haunts small pieces of paste, consisting of pulverised sal ammoniac, mixed up with the white of an egg, wheaten flour, and honey.—The strewing of rue round the place where hens lay, is also said to drive away these depredators: so also will the smell of a *burnt cat*: as all animals are terrified at the burning of their own, or of a similar species.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BETTING-ROOM, Jan. 18, 1808.

STATE of the odds for the Derby and Oatland Stakes.—Correct statement.

DERBY.

9 to 2 agst the brother to Castrel.
9 to 1 agst Clinker.
9 to 1 agst the brother to Trafalgar.
10 to 1 agst Vandyke (Duke of Grafton's).
12 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's colt, by Sir Peter.
15 to 1 agst any other.

OATLANDS.

2 to 1 agst Violante.
3 to 1 agst Cerberus.
4 to 1 agst Thomasina.
6 to 1 agst Thorn.

THERE are twenty-eight Subscribers for the St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster, this year, the Nominations for which finally closed on the first instant, and though not so numerous as last year, it is likely to be a very great betting race, owing to so many favourites being named.—Laurel-Leaf, who won the Two-year Olds' Stakes at York, Pontefract, and Doncaster, also a match at York last year, appears to be the first favourite; the other favourites are, Charcoal, Poulton, Clinker, Mr. Watt's colt, and Lord Egremont's.

SIR Henry Vane Tempest has got a horse to make a first effort for the plate at the ensuing Newmarket Meeting, whose speed is expected to prove superior to that of Hambletonian, or Diamond, of sporting celebrity.

MRS. Howe generally plays at chess with his Majesty; the sum played for never exceeds a guinea a game. This lady is the only visitor who has a privilege of entering the palace by the same door as the Royal Family.

Two new clubs have been lately formed; one at Boroughbridge, consisting of the members of Lord Darlington's hunt; the other at Beverley, consisting of the members of Mr. Watt's and Sir M. Masterman Sykes's establishments: each to wear the uniform of their respective hunts.

AN account of a late fox-chase, in Kent, by the Lodge hounds, concludes thus:—"This chase lasted, without interruption, an hour and twenty-eight minutes, and completely realised Mr. Beckford's ideas of a fox chase, which he wished never to continue less than an hour, nor to exceed two; and that it should correspond with Lord Chatham's notion of a battle; 'it should be short, sharp, and decisive.'"

FRIDAY the 15th inst. a match for 20gs. was run over the course of Cregelare, on which were erected three 5-feet walls, between Mr. Ulick Burke's, of Strangford, celebrated bay horse, B. Delany, carrying

ing twelve stone, rode by Mr. John Rathbourne—and Mr. Blake's, of Corbally, untried mare, Sal Walsh, (by Bacchus) carrying same weight, and rode by his groom, which was won with the greatest ease by Mr. Blake's mare. At starting, the odds were considerably in favour of Delany. The knowing ones all taken in.

Same day two matches were run between Mr. Rathbourne, Mr. Burke, Mr. Burt, Mr. Persse, and Mr. Robert D'Arcy's horses, rode by gentlemen—the first won by Mr. Rathbourne, and the latter by Mr. D'Arcy.

Experiments are making in Guernsey, under the direction of those experienced officers, Lieut. Gen. Sir John Doyle and Brigadier Gen. Fraser, with muskets, improved as we understand by a very simple process, but which appears already to have so far succeeded, as to have doubled the effect of the common musket, when firing at the same target. This improvement is said to be adapted to every kind of musket firing, but is particularly expected to increase the effect of fire from sharp-shooters, and light troops of all descriptions.

Two Lancashire gentlemen, of the name of Unsworth, father and son, have challenged all England to fire with ball at a target, at twenty rods distance, for *one thousand pounds*. We understand the challenge has been accepted.

On the 14th inst. W. Moyse, late of Yaxley, Suffolk, jobber, was convicted by the Rev. Thomas Methold, in the mitigated penalty of 10l. for using snares in the night, for the destruction of the game, in the parish of Framsden.

The fashionable broche now worn, seems to be a very beautiful figure of a greyhound at full speed, with the name of *Snowball* under it. The execution of the dog is admirable.

At Earl Grosvenor's second dinner, at Chester, as mayor of that city, on Friday, the 1st instant, there was a large Christmas Pie, which contained three geese, three turkies, seven hares, twelve partridges, a ham, and a leg of veal: the whole, when baked, weighed 154lbs. !

In the Court of King's Bench, last month, a cause was tried, Saunders *v.* Cornic. This was an action brought to recover the sum of 32l. being the value of a horse, under the following circumstances: the plaintiff sent a chesnut horse for sale at Dixon's Repository, and he was sold there accordingly, being knocked down for the above sum at auction. It happened that another chesnut horse was also sold there for 21l. The defendant, who was at the sale, purchased the latter, and having in two days afterwards called for his bargain, the boy who attended being ignorant of the descriptions of the several purchasers, delivered to him the chesnut horse that was sold to another bidder for 32l. and he immediately took it away, notwithstanding that the brother of the defendant, who accompanied him, said it was not the chesnut horse that he bought. The mistake being speedily discovered, the horse was demanded back, but the defendant refused to return it, alledging, that the chesnut horse delivered to him was the horse which he actually purchased at the auction. To contradict this allegation, several witnesses were called, such as the per- son

son who really bought him, the owner's servants who were present, and the man belonging to Mr. Dixon's Repository, whose testimony concurring, and being quite satisfactory, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, to the full amount of the value of the horse.

Captain Thompson, of the Fuerte frigate, has brought home from South America a breed of the *Chili Beagle*, so much esteemed for its extraordinary scent, which, no doubt, will much improve the breed in this country.

On Tuesday, the 12th, a large party of gentlemen and farmers met on Mere Downs, Wiltshire, by leave of Sir Richard Hoare, Bart. and coursed twelve brace of hares, four brace of which were killed. The hares gave excellent sport, and the dogs were capital: several of them ran two miles to cover without a turn. It was the general opinion of the company present, that such a day's sport was never seen on the Downs before.

A covey of partridges, consisting of thirteen birds, come every day to the door of Henry Wilson, Esq. at St. Helen's, near Lancaster, to be fed; they feed among the poultry, and are so tame, that they will even pick corn out of the hands of any of the domestics.

Lately was shot, by George Pringle, at Staingate, near Danby-Lodge, (the sporting seat of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Downe, Yorkshire) an Eagle, of the following remarkable dimensions:—its breadth, between the tip of the wings, two yards ten inches; the length, from its beak to the tip of the tail, thirty-eight inches; the extreme breadth of the tail, twenty-five inches. When placed in an erect posture, its height, two feet seven inches; weight, sixteen pounds two ounces; the colour, a mixed brown and white, the back nearly all white. This extraordinary bird has been put into a state of preservation by Mr. Frank, at Danby-Lodge.

Lewes, Jan. 25, 1808.—On Friday, one of the stately swans which have for some time past ornamented our river, was shot at and killed by some person at present unknown, but who, we sincerely hope, will shortly be discovered and punished as he deserves. Five guineas are offered as a reward to any person giving such information of the offender, as shall be the means of his discovery and conviction.

No less than eight of the above royal birds have been destroyed in a similar manner, on the Ouse, within these three years; whilst on the Thames they are known to sail from Oxford to London in the greatest security. The proprietors, we understand, are determined, in future, to prosecute such offenders as they can detect with the utmost severity of the law.

Boxing.—A very severe battle was fought near Clifton, on Monday the 28th ult. between two expert bruisers, whose fame has not yet attracted the notice of the town amateurs. The names of the parties were Gore and Maddox, and the battle was for a purse of fifteen guineas. In science, it was nearly equal to that which was displayed by Young Belcher and Dutch Sam, and the conflict was as sanguinary as at the late battle between Gregson and Gulley. After an hour's real fighting, Gore was carried off as the victor, he being unable to walk, and perhaps worse beaten

than

than ever was before witnessed in a winner.

On Thursday, January 7, was fought, at Horsington, Somerset, a pitched battle, between Hazard, a butcher, and Stacy, a shoemaker, two noted bruisers. The combatants entered a large ring, with their seconds and bottle-holders: Tom Hazard, a sailor, seconded his brother, and Clarke seconded Stacy. The contest continued with little variation till the fiftieth round, when Stacy sprained his wrist so badly, that he could not make a blow with his right hand; and, after nine more severe rounds, appearing very weak, he, at the repeated request of the gentlemen present, gave in. A dispute having taken place between the two seconds, a challenge was given, and accepted; and after the above was decided they set to, when another very severe contest took place.—After thirty-two rounds of hard fighting, victory was declared in favour of Hazard. Several amateurs and gentlemen present declared, that in all the matches they had ever witnessed they never saw two harder contests. The former lasted an hour and sixteen minutes, and the latter fifty-two minutes.

The *Saint Monday Gemmen* held their diversions on the 18th, near Clay-hill, which consisted of a pugilistic exhibition between G. Wilkie, a coster-monger, and Jeffery Smith, a professor, but little calculated to astonish the spectators at his professional skill. The battle was for ten guineas; and, after a contest of about forty minutes, in which the combatants were decently *feaked*, and the head of Jeffery was a good deal disfigured, he resigned the contest, and the coster-monger was carried to Westminster in triumph, whilst the fallen *hero* was silently ushered into Dyot-street, by the *kiddeys* and barrow-women of that fertile spot.

The renewal of an obstinate pitched battle, fought in the neighbourhood of Bassleton, Oxfordshire, a month since, between two men of the names of Cart and Wells, took place on Monday, the , at Barford Common, a short distance from Bassleton. Cart, who is said to be a relation of the man of that name, who felt the effects of opposing the Game Chicken, at Moulsey Hurst, two years since, possesses more science and bravery than his relative, but is inferior in strength and stature. Wells is a weaver, formerly of Manchester, and no novice at boxing. In the former battle between the combatants, after above an hour's resolute fighting, they were unable to face each other, and it was made a drawn battle. The stakes were ten guineas only, and it was agreed that the parties should contend again for twenty, within a month. The second battle was not of so sanguinary a description as the first, although it lasted longer, but each seemed to avoid as much as possible risking the effects of his adversary's blows. Wells hit his opponent on the left temple in the 60th round, and he did not face him again, but both appeared exhausted. There were about two hundred and forty persons present.

Sparring.—The magistrates for the county of Surrey, having received information that a number of idle dissolute fellows were harboured at a sparring club in their district, the officers were dispatched to the Southwark Tavern, in Tooley-street, on twelfth night, and found there many 'prentice boys, servants,

servants, and journeymen, of the lowest order, with a plentiful sprinkling of the minor order of boxers, from Petticoat lane, Duke s Place, and Kent-street. Door money, at sixpence per head, was taken, and one penny each for the gloves. A proper account was taken of the lads, who were dismissed for the present, with a suitable admonition as to their future conduct. The landlord came in for his share of reprimand.

The following curious wager was decided on Wednesday, the 30th ult. at Knightsbridge. A miller, of the name of Pownal, undertook to carry a sack of flour, weighing 20 stone, upon one shoulder, the distance of a mile, without halting, in the space of twenty minutes. The distance was measured on a piece of ground near Sloane-street, upwards of two hundred yards in length; and there was a multitude of persons to witness the Herculean strength of the performer. He performed the task in three minutes less than the given time, but not without considerable difficulty. The wager was for five guineas and a dinner.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PRELIMINARY ARTICLE.

Brighton, Jan. 18.—A trial of skill at pigeon-shooting is to take place to-morrow, at Patcham, when Mr. James Shoubridge, a gentleman from London, is to shoot at twenty-four pigeons, turned out of a box, at twelve yards distance; on every one of which his friends bet four guineas to one he kills; each bird to fall within 100 yards from the box. Considerable sums, we understand, have been betted; but opinion seems rather against the odds winning, for if the shooter fail to bring down five of the twenty-four birds, his friends must be losers.

ISSUE OF THE CONTEST.

Brighton, Jan. 25.—Mr. Shoubridge, who betted four guineas to one on every shot, that he brought down twenty-four pigeons, to be turned out of a box, at the distance of twelve yards, as more particularly stated in our last letter, exhibited on Tuesday, at Patcham, and obtained great celebrity as a marksman, in having won every bet. Mr. Shoubridge afterwards shot at two pigeons, which were suffered to escape from the box at the same time, and, to the amazement of all present, killed them both. He next joined in a match, when he killed five more, and then withdrew, having established his shooting fame, in bringing down thirty-one birds in thirty shots.—We understand he is, at some future time, to try his skill in a similar way, betting the same odds, at sparrows.

A numerous field of sportsmen assembled at Little Ealing, on Tuesday, the 10th, where a grand pigeon match took place for an honorary medal, value 20l. and a fat hog, value 10l. The field was open for competition, and the most celebrated shots, within ten miles of London, were candidates for the prizes, and a considerable number of distinguished amateurs attended to witness the pastime. There were twenty competitors, who were allowed three birds each, but the weather being unfavourable, and the pigeons very small and tough, and quick on the wing, only three of the candidates killed two out of the three; a Mr. Atkin having, as it was thought, killed his second bird, but on his being about to bag it, the pigeon rose, and flew out of bounds. The three candidates who beat

beat their adversaries, and had to shoot off the ties, were, Messrs. Moreton, Collison, and Snell, and they agreed to shoot at single pigeons for a decision. It is remarkable, that the whole of the three missed their first birds, and Collisson and Moreton missed their second, but Snell killed his second bird, and consequently won the prizes. Before the shooting commenced, Moreton and Collison were the favourites against the field, but their performances were but very indifferent as scientific shots.

A Pigeon Match took place on Finchley Common, about the same time, for twenty guineas, between Messrs. King and Richardson, known shots. The parties fired at eleven birds each, and Mr. King killed nine, and hit ten. His adversary killed seven, and lost two birds out of bounds, by which he lost the match.

Hoop against Wheel.—A wager between Mr. Bennet and Mr. Parkhouse was decided on Friday morning, 1st inst. on the Clapham road, from the third mile stone on the common to the fifth, Mr B. who trundled the hoop, having gained the contest by some distance. We understand another wager, of 200gs. has been offered by Mr. B. to trundle a hoop for five miles against any man that can be found to run a wheel the like distance.

Match against Time.—The new pedestrian, who had undertaken, for a wager of fifty guineas, to walk twenty miles in two hours and a half, on Saturday, the 2d instant, play or pay, met his friends at nine o'clock that morning, and proceeded to the spot, where the match was performed on a piece of level ground, between Carshalton and Croydon. Mr. Yardley had trained himself to twenty miles, and he was said to have performed it at pleasure on the Thursday, consequently he was freely backed. At ten o'clock he started, and continued at a walk for the first mile, which he performed in ten minutes; and the next three miles he did in twenty-three minutes, by a sweeping step. He did not appear fatigued by the speed of the last three miles, but he continued the step, and went the next four miles in twenty-nine minutes, when he took a slice of fowl, and drank a cup of wine. At the expiration of an hour and fifteen minutes, such being half the time, Mr. Yardley had walked ten miles within a few hundred yards. He was thirty-five minutes going the first four miles of the last half distance. He had to walk six miles in forty minutes, which was at the rate of nine miles an hour, and, from his visible fatigue, it was evident he could not win; he, however, went four miles in thirty-six minutes, and gave in, after having gone eighteen miles in two hours and twenty-six minutes.

Curley, the Brighton shepherd, and Cook, the soldier, ran, on the 11th instant, at Blackheath, 120 yards, for 30gs a side. At twelve o'clock, a great concourse of spectators assembled, and the ground was measured under the garden-wall of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The judges were, for Cook, Mr. Giles, a respectable fishmonger, at Billingsgate; and Richmond, the Black, for Curley. They both held a pocket handkerchief at the winning-post. At one they started, and, running elbow to elbow all the way, came in together in thirteen seconds; it was therefore adjudged a dead heat, and the stake-money was returned.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE BONNY GREY MARE; OR, MARCIA TRIUMPHANT.

YOU Gentlemen Sportsmen give ear to my song,
'Tis of a Grey Mare that can trip it along;
By many 'tis said that she does not run fast,
But if she's beat at first, she will beat them at last.

Her name it is Marcia, that bonny Grey Mare,
For whate'er she runs with she does not much care,
For she lays herself out, and she trips o'er the ground,
So I think there are few such as her to be found.

Haphazard and Marcia have often times met,
And great sums of money betwixt 'em been bet;
A race over Knavesmire so nearly was run,
It was hard to determine which of them had won.

Brave Marcia has won, a great many did cry,
But others asserted—No, that's all my eye;
Again it was shouted, Haphazard did win,
So the race to Haphazard was then given in.

Now brave Mr. Garforth he did not much care;
To Pomfret she went, and met Haphazard there:
Great sums there were betted before they did run,
And soon 'twas determin'd brave Marcia had won.

To Doncaster next then away she was sent,
Leaving Haphazard's friends then in sad discontent;
But, alas! poor Haphazard, he durst not come there,
For fear of being beat again by the Grey Mare.

Queen Mab's son was there, and likewise Sir Paul,
With bonny brave Staveley, suppos'd best of all;
To start then they venture, and off soon they run—
An excellent race, but brave Marcia she won.

Five times the last year did this noble mare run,
And 'tis known very well that five prizes she won;
Now she's beat all the best, for the worst she don't care,
This excellent Marcia, the bonny Grey Mare.

At York the next year, Monday August eighteen,
A more excellent race scarcely ever was seen;
Sir Paul, her opponent, a runner was reckon'd,
But alas! poor Sir Paul, he came in only second.

For the Great Subscription, on Thursday, she run,
With Lord Darlington's six-year old horse Ferguson;
But she beat him with ease, although a good racer,
And Chariot, Evander, and Paul would not face her.

Mr Garforth's good health, he is worthy of praise,

And

And Marcia and Vesta, his two bonny Greys;
Here's a health to the groom and the jockey likewise,
And when Marcia e'er starts she will sure gain the prize.

Now in a full bumper this health let's resound,
May Marcia and Vesta amiss ne'er be found;
Whether four miles or more, why I don't care a jack,
For if nothing's amiss, sure they'll win in a crack.

THE STAG HUNT.

THE night has fled, the morning dawns,
The Stag bounds o'er his native lawns,
And while each zephyr's on the wing,
He seeks the soft translucent spring,
Then strides, with heart devoid of pain,
Along the verdant, flow'ry plain.

But, hark! with echoing, noisy clack,
Behind him come the panting pack;
He starts, and turns with fearless mien,
As the advancing troop are seen;
And now, with dignified disdain,
He slowly moves across the plain.

Yet soon he finds his foes draw near,
And stern contempt gives way to fear;
Concealment's arts at first he tries,
Discover'd soon, he swiftly flies,
And with such force each nerve doth strain,
He scarcely seems to touch the plain.

Still, trembling beast! he's doom'd to find
The persevering pack behind;
Nearer the horrid noise he hears,
Whilst tenfold terrors fill his fears:
He finds his utmost speed is vain,
And droops dejected on the plain.

Soon the fierce hounds approach their prey,
Who nobly tries their force to bay;
But from his breast burst bitter sighs,
And streaming tears bedew his eyes:
Round him fast flock the hunting train,
And death seems hov'ring o'er the plain.

But Mercy does her mandate give,
And bids the dappled victim live.—
The disappointed dogs retire,
A whip has quickly cool'd their ire;
While the poor stag, reliev'd from pain,
Once more in peace stalks o'er the plain.

J. M. L.

January 2, 1808.

ODE TO A TERRIER,

Who interrupted the Debate in the House of Commons.

DEAR Snap, of that true terrier breed,
Whose useful chase is vermin,
Whose teeth would make a weasel bleed,
Ev'n tho' his skin be ermine,

Well thou deserv'st a poet's praise,
For baying that bold prater,
Whose forehead wears such ten-fold *braze*,
It mars the shafts of satire.

HE damn the peace! which HIS vile war
Made needful to salvation:
HE damn the peace! thro' whom we bear
Such loads of curs'd taxation?

And was there in St. Stephen's fane
But honest Snap alone,
To treat his speech with just disdain,
No *cough*, no *hiss*, no *groan*?

Ah no! for they his quondam foes,
Before had shewn him grace,
And with a pension sooth'd the blows
That push'd him out of place.

Bark on, courageous quadruped!
Snarl at such dirty work;
For now no mortal e'er will heed
That tattling *turnspit* B——.

Oh, Englishmen! your feelings lie
Drown'd in too thick a fog:
No more on *mongrel-men* rely,
But trust an *honest dog*.

EPIGRAM.

Aut spes, aut timor agitant.

JACK hunts in stile—the fox, the hare
The terrors of his prowess feels;
Yet JACK himself but flies from care—
For why? the *Bailiff's* at his heels!

QUIZ.